The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1888.

The Week.

WAS ever a great party in such an absurd position as the Republican within a month after its ticket was nominated, and before its candidates have formally accepted? Before the Convention adjourned, it was found necessary to patch one plank of the platform, and before the campaign is fairly opened it is found necessary to say that another plank does not mean what it has been interpreted by the Republicans of the House to mean. Both these planks relate to the absorbing issue of the canvass, which, it was perfectly apparent, when the Convention assembled, was to be the issue that would decide the election; yet the assembled wisdom of the party deliberately adopts a declaration of faith on that issue which cannot endure the strain of the first month of campaign discussion. The cause of the trouble is obvious enough. The Republican party has fallen into the control of men who have lost all faith in sincerity in politics, or in the intellectual capacity of the people to distinguish between humbug and honesty in party professions. These men firmly believe that trickery and appeals to ignorance and prejudice are the most powerful agencies in politics. Their bad luck with their platform must make them suspect that something is wrong in their calculations. If they search far enough, they will find the cause of all their failures in the sincerity and fearlessness of the leader of the Democratic party.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, a newspaper which mingles independence and candor with its support of the Republican party, reviews the course of Mr. Cleveland's Administration regarding civil-service reform in a noteworthy editorial article. The *Ledger* thinks that the friends of this reform were unwarrantably sanguine as to what might and would be accomplished, but holds that "it must be conceded by every fair-minded observer of the Administration of President Cleveland that, since it began, the reform of the civil service has not only not gone backwards, but has made certain advance to a higher plane of official excellence." The *Ledger* thinks that Mr. Cleveland meant to sweep away the spoils system, and tried to do it, but that it was too much to expect that a political system which ancient custom was considered to have almost made law, if it had not made it respectable, could be at once got rid of. It considers it "probably true that faithful and efficient Republican incumbents were removed without cause in contravention of what the civil-service reformers understood to be the pledge made by Mr. Cleveland in his Christmas Day letter to Mr. Curtis, but it must be frankly acknowledged that, in making appointments to the vacant places, the President did not disregard the qualification of merit." As a rule the *Ledger* thinks that Mr. Cleveland's appointments have been "conspicuously meritorious," declaring that "his appointees to important offices have been, with most rare exceptions, men of high character, illustrations of the kind of which are to be found in the distinguished character of the citizens appointed to the heads of executive offices in Philadelphia." As regards the reform generally, our contemporary thinks it demonstrated that it has made decided progress during the past three years; that it "has not gone backward, but distinctly forward, under the Administration of President Cleveland."

The meeting of a convention of colored voters to endorse a Democratic Administration, and pledge support to the party which seeks to continue it in power, is an event full of significance and encouragement. The gathering at Indianapolis last week had its disorderly features at first, due apparently to the attempt of "Matt" Quay to capture control of it through a body of Republican negroes whom he had forwarded; but it settled down into a deliberative body which evidently represented in its attitude a considerable percentage of the race. The keynote of the Convention was struck by the Permanent Chairman, Peter H. Clark of Cincinnati, in his address advocating a split in the negro vote. Mr. Clark is a man of marked ability and excellent character. He was formerly principal of the colored high school in Cincinnati, and, by the way, was turned out of that position by the Republicans, solely because he ceased to be a Republican. He said that a careful study of the principles set forth in the Democratic and Republican platforms will convince any man that the contest for the Presidency is to be carried on this year on lines of thought new to this generation. The Republicans, he said, declare in favor of a free ballot and a fair count, but they know full well that the evils of which they complain are such as cannot be controlled by Federal action, as the decisions of the Supreme Court have repeatedly shown that fact. Mr. Clark took the sound position that even if the order of government could be changed, and the Federal Government could be made supreme in all things, it would not be a good thing to do, and proceeded to preach equally sound doctrine when he said: "Politics is not the universal panacea for the ills that beset the negro race. The truth is, few of the evils of which complaint is made are political in nature, and not many can be cured by political action. The average of morality, intelligence, industrial skill, wealth, and manliness of the negro must be raised, and as they rise, prejudice against them will decline." He said that the interests of the colored people are as safe in the hands of President Cleveland as in those of any man who had ever occupied the office of Chief Magistrate, and the resolutions adopted endorse the ticket and platform of the St. Louis Convention.

The Boston *Transcript* makes this observation: "The *Journal* is right in describing the Scandinavians of the Northwest, whom it poetically calls 'the descendants of the Vikings,' as a pretty sagacious lot of men. They are Republicans in politics almost to a man, and likely to remain so." The Scandinavian vote is to have an important influence in the coming Presidential election, and may not improbably, in the future, make doubtful States of some which the Republicans now count as certain to remain in their column. A close observer of this body of our adopted citizens and their children predicted, before Cleveland's Administration was two years old, that a large part of them would range themselves with the Administration party in the next Presidential election. His argument was, that the reason why the Scandinavians who have settled in the Northwest in the last twenty-five years have been so generally Republicans, is, that at home they have always been used to looking up to the ruling power as right, finding their government economical and popular. Coming to this country, in regard to which they had received such glowing ideas, it was as natural for them to support the party in power—looking to that party as the source of the country's prosperity—as it was for the "Pat" of the anecdote to reply, when asked on landing which party he belonged to: "I'm ag'in' the gover'mint." The Republicans, in sacrificing their power to Blaineism, gave the Democrats a chance to show such citizens as the Scandinavians that prosperity is not dependent on the rule of any one organization, and President Cleveland has given a tone to his Administration which has made it affirmatively popular with all citizens of independent thought. Add to all this the tariff policy laid down in the Chicago platform—a policy totally at variance with the home system of the Scandanavians and with their own interests here—and it is easy to see why all political students, in forming their opinions of this year's results, will do well to keep an eye on the Northwest.

Republicans who want a newspaper which heartily believes in the free-whiskey platform of the Republican party, and enthusiastically advocates it, cannot do better than subscribe to the *Press* of this city. The more the *Press* reflects upon the proposed emancipation of whiskey from its present despotism, the more does its heart burn within it to hasten the accomplishment of this most beneficent reform. New arguments occur to it every week. In one article on Sunday it urged the change in behalf of the now down-trodden agriculturists. "The whiskey tax," it says, "operates to bar honest farmers from the legitimate industry of turning their corn into a fluid to be used for the most necessary che-

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mical, mechanical, and medicinal purposes." In another article it pleaded for the reform in the interest of the drunkard's family. A drinker will drink so much any way, the argument runs; "if the price of drink be high, the proportion of his income needed to procure the customary indulgence will be large, and the family will get less; if the price of drink be low, this proportion will be less, and the family will get more." The conclusion, therefore, is that "the tax bears chiefly upon those who most of all should be free from the injustice of government, and those who are least able to resist its injustice—the women and children of the intemperate." The *Press* might profitably carry this argument a little further, and ask voters to support Harrison on the free-whiskey platform in the interest of the churches and Sunday-schools. It is notorious that the wives and children of many drunkards cannot attend worship for lack of suitable clothes. This lack is plainly due to the fact that the tax of 90 cents a gallon on whiskey puts up the price of his "customary indulgence" so high that the husband and father has not money enough left to fit out wife and children. Remove the tax, and thus make whiskey cheap, and this obstacle to the spread of religion would immediately be overcome. Well may the *Press* call the salient feature of its party's platform "this sensible and enlightened Republican policy."

Some of the suppressed wrath which the Republican leaders and newspapers feel towards James P. Foster, President of the Republican League of the United States, is coming to the surface. The Boston *Advertiser* says the League would indeed have to be a splendid organization not to have all its influence brought to naught by such conduct as "Mr. Foster has been guilty of, in sending out his ridiculous circulars appealing for campaign funds." The Burlington *Free Press*, while trying to relieve Senators Edmunds and Morrill from the burden of the "strong words and bitter, but true," on the subject of "fat" in the tariff, says:

> "Why President Foster of the National League permits the Nestor of the Senate or either of our honorable Senators to be thus accused, both of gross inconsistency and of a remarkable indiscretion, without a word of denial, we do not understand. Probably he thinks that the less that is said about such an inexcusable blunder as the issuing of such a circular and the printing of such a quotation from a confidential letter, the better."

It is not our fault that Foster keeps silent. We have offered him any reasonable space in our columns for a full explanation of the identity of the Senator whom he quoted with such telling effect, but he has failed to avail himself of the opportunity.

The first attempt which we have seen to deny that either Mr. Edmunds or Mr. Morrill was the Republican United States Senator quoted by Mr. Foster in his "fat" circular, appears in the *Free Press*, of Burlington, Vt. In commenting upon Foster's statement that the Senator in question was "from a State which never had a Democratic representative in either house of Congress, or a Democratic State officer," the *Free Press* says that this could not be Vermont, because that State had four Democratic Representatives in Congress between 1823 and 1853, and a Democratic Governor in 1853. True, but perhaps Mr. Foster forgot all this. The *Free Press* adds: "Neither of the Vermont Senators could possibly have been the author of the letter quoted by the author of the circular, and in point of fact neither of them was aware of the existence of such a letter till it appeared in print." What is the authority for that statement? The only competent authority would be a personal denial by both the Vermont Senators. If the *Free Press* has it, it fails to say so. Then, too, why not get Foster to say who the Senator was? We have tried in vain. He was in Burlington last week, and the *Free Press* could have made a great hit by publishing an interview with him on the subject.

The *Iron Age* for July 26 copies from the Pittsburgh *Despatch*, without comment, a tabular comparison of the wages paid in the steel works of the Edgar Thomson Company at Braddock, Pennsylvania, and those of the Union Steel Company in Chicago. The figures are interesting in more respects than one. In the first place, they show that the average wages paid in Chicago are more than 50 per cent. higher than those paid at Mr. Andrew Carnegie's establishment, the Edgar Thomson Works. Secondly, the showing is very different with different classes of workmen. For example, a blower in the convertor department gets at Braddock $1.08 per 100 tons, and at Chicago $2.34, an excess of more than 100 per cent., while a keeper in the blast-furnace department gets at Braddock $2.23 per day, and at Chicago $3.25, an excess of less than 50 per cent. But the most interesting point to be noticed is the absurdity of making comparisons between wages in one country and another, when such differences as this exist in different parts of the same country under the same tariff.

A correspondent who is himself interested in iron-ore mines, but who considers the cost of ore a hindrance to the general interests of iron manufacture, calls our attention to an account, given in the *Iron Age* for July 19, of the operations at the Cornwall ore banks, in Pennsylvania. We quote a few passages from this account:

> "Magnificent though the mineral properties of this country may be, none thus far discovered outside of the exhausted Comstock lode approaches in present or prospective value that of the Cornwall ore banks. . . . The cost of putting the ore on cars is 20 cents a ton. As it carries considerable sulphur, it must be roasted, which is usually estimated to cost 40 cents a ton, the kilns being at the furnaces. Adding as a liberal figure 15 cents a ton for transportation to the furnaces in the immediate vicinity of Lebanon, a total cost is reached of 75 cents a ton, roasted, at the furnace. . . . It is probably within the bounds of truth when we state that the owners of the ore banks realize fully $2 a ton, if not more, on every ton quarried. In 1887 the output was 667,210 gross tons, and in 1886 it reached 688,000 tons."

Thus we find the owners of these great ore banks making a clear profit of $1.25 per ton—that is, an annual profit of nearly a million dollars! And yet mine-owners clamor for an increase of the present duty of 75 cents per ton, which is left unaltered by the Mills bill. Our correspondent adds that there are other mines, not so well known, that are doing nearly as well as the one of which the *Iron Age* gives the above account. Evidently there is plenty of margin for poorer mines at a less duty than 75 cents per ton.

It will be hard for protectionists to explain the enormous increase of the cotton manufacture of India in recent years. We have no statistics of the amount manufactured by Indian mills previous to the year ending June 30, 1879, but since that time the Bombay Millowners' Association have issued an annual report of production. The amounts of cotton consumed by the mills in successive years, beginning with the above date, are as follows, in thousands of bales: 268, 308, 379, 398, 457, 531, 597, 643, 726, 815—the figure for the year just-closed being estimated, but sufficiently accurate. We have thus in nine years a rise from 268,000 bales to 815,000 bales manufactured in Indian mills, the latter amount being more than triple the former. All this has been accomplished in the face of the rivalry of British manufacturers, the most powerful in the world, with splendid means of communication due to the political dependence of India upon England. Since 1882 there has been no duty on cotton goods, and before that time native manufacturers were protected by a duty of 5 per cent.! And is it not worth mentioning, too, that the stability of this industry is not dependent on the whims of politicians or on the exigencies of parties, or even on the fluctuations of governmental income and expenditure? Is it not pleasant to contemplate a growth like this, which is the reward of energy and enterprise alone, and which nobody can regard as "fat" to be justly "fried out" of its possessors by their political guardians? Is it not humiliating to one's national pride to listen to the piteous howls set up on every side in our own country at the bare prospect that a little of the gratuity which we have been dispensing to our tender young manufacturers may possibly be withheld?

By a lucky coincidence, we find in the *Tribune* of Thursday a very appropriate parallel to the foregoing statistics. That journal points with pride to the increase of paper manufacture in this country in the last eight years, as presented in the speeches made at the meeting of the American Paper Manufacturers' Association. The paper industry has, under protection, "nearly doubled in value" in this period of eight years; whereas we have seen that the cotton manufacture in India has tripled its dimensions in nine years, under free trade. Few things could better illustrate the fatuity of the reasoning which attributes the growth of every industry to

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the operation of the tariff. There is another point mentioned by one of the speakers and adopted by the *Tribune* which is, if anything, even more illustrative of this absurdity. "Under protection," says the *Tribune*, "the paper industry in eight years has advanced from No. 21 (among our manufacturing industries) in the census classification to No. 14." Now, we wonder whether the seven manufacturing industries which this paper industry has outstripped have not been protected. We wonder whether they have not been more highly protected than paper has, seeing that the duty on paper is only from 15 to 20 per cent., while the duties on nearly all of our manufactures exceed 40 per cent. It is curious, indeed, that any one should see a triumph for protection in the fact that one protected industry has outstripped another. But this absurdity is only more palpable, not more real, than that which protectionists are continually committing when they show that a certain industry is benefited by a duty, without making any inquiry as to whether other industries are injured by it.

A millionaire named Palmer from Michigan, who joined "the pleasantest club in the country," otherwise known as the United States Senate, six years ago, has surprised everybody by the announcement that he is going to let his membership lapse, although it is universally conceded that he could retain his place by simply meeting his regular dues. A millionaire named McMillan stands ready to pay the entrance fee, and will doubtless succeed to the seat.

The exigencies of conducting a newspaper upon the severe "American" plan which is followed in the *Tribune* office, are very trying, but the editor of that journal appears to be equal to them. There was a banquet given in London last week by the Incorporated Society of English Authors to American authors in London. As the *World's* special cable account explained, "the ostensible purpose of the banquet was to celebrate the progress of the International Copyright Bill in America, but a scarcely secondary purpose was to welcome Mr. Phelps's predecessor, James Russell Lowell, on his first public appearance in London since his recent illness." An account of the banquet was sent out by the Associated Press agent in London, the larger part of which was devoted to the reception which was accorded Mr. Lowell, and to a synopsis of his speech. It was said in this that "Mr. Lowell was received with the greatest enthusiasm upon rising to speak," and it was perfectly plain that he was the most conspicuous as well as the most highly honored guest of the evening. This Associated Press account was published in the same form in the *Sun*, *Times*, and *Herald*, but the *Tribune* "edited" it by cutting out all mention of the reception to Mr. Lowell, every word of the synopsis of his speech, and all mention even of the fact that he made a speech. His name was allowed to creep in at the end of the list of people who were present, which must have been a severe strain upon the magnanimity of this wonderful editor.

There has been no more curious episode in English politics than the attempt now pending to find out whether the "Parnell letters" produced by the *Times* are genuine. The commission of judges proposed by the Government is itself an absolute novelty. No such tribunal has ever been organized in England for any purpose. There have been commissions of judges in Ireland, but their function was the punishment of crime under the forms of law. The function of the present Commission is simply that of a Parliamentary committee—to inquire and report whether certain persons, some of them members of Parliament, have or have not been guilty of complicity in certain crimes. The Attorney-General has maintained in open court that Parnell has been an accomplice of assassins, and that it can be proved by Parnell's own letters, and the whole Tory party profess to believe it. But if this be true, it is of course the duty of the Government to have Parnell arrested, indicted, and tried. The offence with which he is charged is the well-known one of being an accessory before the fact. But instead of putting him on trial, the Ministers taunt him with not bringing a suit for libel against the newspaper which published the accusation—perhaps the oddest treatment of a criminal on record. Moreover, they refuse to confine the limits of the judicial inquiry to the genuineness of the Parnell letters, although, of course, if the judges found the letters to be genuine, everything else alleged against Parnell would be taken as true as a matter of course; while if the letters were pronounced forgeries, the other charges would not be worth inquiring into.

The exceedingly queer condition of the Liberal Unionist mind on the subject is well exemplified in the last number of the *Economist*, which is nothing if not judicial. It gravely says that what has most impressed the public mind in the *Times's* charges about the letters is its refusal to tell where it got them. Of course this ought to cause it to be laughed out of court; but it converts this radical weakness into strength in the eyes of the *Economist*, by alleging that if the editor told where he got the letters, the traitor or thief who supplied them would be murdered. This sounds farcical enough. The *Times* could of course always tell the story to the judges in private. If the concoctors of forged letters could get off in this way, no man's peace or reputation would be safe.

Americans are so accustomed to seeing the reports of Congressional proceedings and of political speeches "edited" to suit the purposes of organ-grinders, that they cannot easily understand the shock which has been caused in England by the recent discovery that the London *Times* has become so infected with "journalism" as to adopt this practice. Hitherto the reader could be absolutely sure of finding in its columns complete and accurate reports even of speeches which advocated policies diametrically opposed to the newspaper's convictions, and the reputation thus attained was one of its most valuable possessions; but during the past week it has been convicted of suppressing portions of speeches in Parliament and of testimony in an inquest, because they militated against the side which it supports. It is a melancholy sign of degeneracy.

M. de Molinari, editor of the *Journal des Économistes*, subjects the propositions of the State Socialists concerning workingmen's insurance, pensions, etc., to some acute economic and other criticism in the July number of that journal. There are two propositions now before the Chamber of Deputies, both of which will probably be adopted. One is designed to compel employers in industries classified as dangerous to make compensations to their workmen in cases of accident. The other has reference to the regulation of women's and children's labor. M. de Molinari points out in regard to the former that it may be expected to have a secondary consequence, in addition to the primary one of tending to reduce wages in the industries affected to the level of wages in non-dangerous industries. The proposed law provides for pensions to widows of men killed by accident, the amount of this pension being 15 per cent. if there is one child, 25 per cent. if there are two, 35 per cent. if three, and 40 per cent. if four or more. These pensions are calculated to cause a preference on the part of employers for workmen who are unmarried or who have few children, so that the law will operate to a notable degree in preventing the workmen in the affected occupations from marrying and from raising families. M. de Molinari points out that no corresponding provision is made in the case of occupations classed as unhealthy, although it is accurately known from statistics by how many years and months these occupations shorten the lives of the men engaged in them. In regard to women's and children's labor, M. de Molinari admits the desirability of governmental protection in these cases, or, at least, in that of children, but regrets the inefficacy of the measures usually adopted for this purpose. His concluding remarks relate to an interesting instance of the superstitious belief of the Socialists in the existence of a latent supply of wisdom and virtue which "the State" can somehow or other command, provided only that the Socialists can have their way. "*Le Cri du Peuple*, for example, does not hesitate to declare that the law for the protection of women and children will have for its chief result 'the creation of inspectorships for the friends or cousins of Deputies.' With the Socialist State, this would be different. In that model State the Deputies would have neither friends nor cousins. And even—who knows?—perhaps the women and children would be protected without inspectors."

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THE REMEDY FOR "OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP."

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* reports that the Civil-Service Commissioners in Washington are much and naturally pleased with the approval of their work contained in the President's recent message accompanying their annual report. Their satisfaction, he says, with the following passage was peculiarly great:

"Besides all these difficulties, those responsible for the administration of the Government in its executive branches have been and still are often annoyed and irritated by the disloyalty to the service, and the insolence, of employees who remain in place as the beneficiaries and the relics and reminders of the old vicious system of appointment which civil-service reform was intended to displace."

And on this he reports one of the Commissioners as having made the following comment:

"The full significance of that sentence will hardly be appreciated by the average reader. It is a warning. The President is weary of the attacks upon his civil-service policy by people whose retention in service would have been impossible under the old system. Their original appointments were the rewards for political service rendered in the interest of the under party, yet are they retained in office by the victors—a strong proof that the Civil-Service Law is enforced. I know of a number of these men who have recently secured leaves of absence from their Democratic chiefs, which they are spending at their homes, where they attack the President and his reform policy, affording unique samples of ingratitude to the man and his system which have provided them with bread for nominal services during the years since Republicanism ceased to prevail. I am sure the President has his eye on these ingrates, and hope they will soon receive merited punishment. I have reason to believe the sentence I refer to is a forerunner of what is to come. I think a goodly number of those now attacking the Administration secretly, as well as openly, will be turned loose to be supported by the party of which they are such ardent members."

There is no doubt that there is still a very considerable body of the kind of officers the Commissioner here describes in nearly all the lower grades of the service—men who cannot forget the means by which they originally obtained their places, cannot understand the aim of the Civil-Service Law, or appreciate the President's motives in refraining from "a clean sweep," and in whom partisanship is so ingrained that they cannot get the partisan wag out of their tongues, although they know it endangers their bread and butter. In fact, it would be demanding almost too much of human nature to expect the men who have been bred in the official traditions of the last forty years, to exhibit in their own persons, as the result of one election, examples of what public servants under the new merit régime ought to be. Doubtless hundreds of them still continue to rail privately at the Administration—that is, at their official superiors—and enjoy seeing it discredited by cases of dishonesty and inefficiency, and are not unwilling to lend a hand in bringing it to shame, if the opportunity offers. There is no such leopard in politics as an old Republican office-holder who got his place through "influence" in the grand old days of Conkling and Morton and Carpenter and Anthony. His spots are his pride and boast.

We know all this, but we know also that the remedy which has been applied to this deep-rooted evil by the present Administration has not always been the true one. Of course disloyalty to the service, and insolence, in employees who "remain in the service as the beneficiaries and relics of the old vicious system of appointment," ought to be punished. "They ought," as the Commissioner says, "to be turned loose to be supported by the party of which they are such ardent members." But this does nothing for the reform of the civil service if their places are filled by Democrats appointed for the same reasons, animated by the same principles, and ready to act in precisely the same manner when the occasion serves.

Of course, this remark does not apply to cases in which vacancies are filled from the eligible list under the civil-service regulations; but the moral effect of these regulations has notoriously been greatly lessened, and in some places wholly destroyed, by the way in which vacancies not covered by the regulations have been filled. There is no good lesson, in other words, in dismissing a blatant Republican for being blatant, or a disloyal Republican for disloyalty, if you put in his place a Democrat whose only merit is his partisanship, whose activity is sure to be as "pernicious" as that of his predecessor, and who, if Harrison should be elected and left him in office, would be sure to be as insolent and insubordinate towards Harrison as some of the Republicans now are towards Cleveland. It is not in this way that the great parties are to be educated in the use of a non-partisan service, or the voters are to be brought to support the reform with that expectation of success on which all popular support must be based in order to be successful. We shall never see the merit system thoroughly rooted in American political manners, until each party has learned to take its medicine without making wry faces.

COLLAPSE OF "THE FREE-TRADE SCARE."

IN order to grasp the full meaning of the decision of the Republicans of the Senate to prepare a tariff bill of their own as a substitute for the Mills bill, let us go back and make a rapid survey of developments since President Cleveland sent his tariff-reform message to Congress in December last. Previous to the delivery of that message, the reëlection of the President was conceded on all sides, provided he lived and accepted a renomination. When the message appeared, the Democrats as a party were filled with consternation. They, and many Independents as well, regarded the step as a political blunder, as reckless as it was unnecessary. We recollect hearing one distinguished Independent saying of it that "Grover Cleveland had tossed the Presidency as a gift into the lap of James G. Blaine." The Republicans took the same view, because they were entirely confident that they could carry the country by claiming that the message was in the interest of free trade. All their old "scares" about the "payment of the rebel debt" and the "restoring of the negro to slavery" had been put aside as useless, but here was a new one with which they firmly believed they could conquer.

Faith in this free-trade "scare" lasted, however, for only a few weeks at that time. The Democrats discovered that the President was a far more sagacious as well as a far more courageous man than almost anybody else in his party. They discovered that the country was much less alarmed by his words than they had been, and a month after the message appeared the Democratic party was almost entirely united behind the President, and surprised and delighted to find that it had discovered a leader who gave it something worth fighting for. The consolidation of the party went on steadily until the St. Louis Convention met and renominated the President without a dissenting voice. So unanimous and courageous had the party become that even when the news came that Oregon had been carried by the Republicans on the tariff issue by a greatly increased majority, the Democratic Convention was not stampeded, but went straight ahead and adopted its platform of cordial approval of the President's policy and of its expression in the Mills bill.

But while the news from Oregon did not stampede the Democrats, it completely turned the heads of the Republicans by convincing them beyond a doubt that they could win with the free-trade "scare." They met in convention, fairly intoxicated with this belief, and adopted a platform declaring "uncompromisingly in favor of protection," favoring nearly every kind of extravagant expenditures—pension bills, river and harbor bills, fortification bills, navy bills, national aid to State education—and making no other proposition for the relief of the people from the burden of unnecessary taxation than the repeal of the taxes upon tobacco and upon spirits used in the arts; and if "there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the Government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes [that is, free whiskey] rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." This was adopted with shouts of delight by the Convention, and was hailed with warm approval by the leading organs of the party. A more shameless platform was never adopted by any convention of a respectable political party. It was simply a menace to the peace and welfare of the country, and was so regarded by every thinking man. It was interpreted by the Republicans of Congress to mean that they should formulate no measure looking towards a reduction of the surplus and a relief from taxation, but should take the position that the Mills bill was a free-trade measure, and should oppose its passage solidly on that ground. They took that position, which was simply that any revision of the tariff, or any attempt to reduce the surplus, was "in the interest of British free trade."

The Democrats of the House stood manfully by their colors, and passed their bill, all the Republican members save three voting against it, though it provided for only a 5 per cent. reduction on a tariff of 47 per cent. On Saturday week the Mills bill went to the Senate, the Republican party still

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holding to its position that revision of the tariff and reduction of the surplus meant free trade. On Sunday, rumors were heard that there were Republican Senators who doubted the strength of this position. These rumors assumed more definite form on Monday, and it was declared that there was likelihood of a Republican tariff bill in the Senate, reducing the surplus and revising tariff inequalities. These so alarmed the leading Republican organ that it came out in bold warning against such a bill, declaring it would be a "bill for buncombe," and that the safest course for the party was to stand by the position which the Republicans of the House had taken.

This was the situation when the Republicans of the Senate held a caucus on Wednesday night, about one month from the date of the promulgation of the Chicago platform. They had before them a formal request from the Home Market Club, an organization of the most heavily protected manufacturers of the country, begging them to "formulate and pass a tariff bill reducing the surplus and simplifying the tariff in the interest of protection," and imploring them not to go on record as merely opposing the Mills bill, but to originate "legislation that will render service to the business and the industrial interests of the country." Similar demands had been made by the Boston *Advertiser*, the Hartford *Courant*, the Worcester *Spy*, and other loyal Republican organs in New England. They were repeated with increased emphasis in the caucus by Senator Allison of Iowa, Senator Hiscock of New York, and Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. What was the cause of all these appeals for action, instead of passive opposition? Nothing more nor less than the discovery by the newspapers, manufacturers, and Senators making them that the free-trade "scare" was not working. If they had not made that discovery, they would not have reversed the campaign policy of the party so suddenly as to catch the party's leading organ with a denunciation of the new policy as "buncombe" in the editorial columns of the same issue in which the news of that policy's adoption was published.

There is not the slightest doubt that this Senate decision is a complete surrender of position. The *Tribune's* utterances are only a part of the proof on this point. There was a grand Republican ratification meeting at Burlington, Vt., on Thursday, at which Senators Edmunds and Warner Miller and Representative Butterworth made speeches. Mr. Butterworth had evidently not heard the news from the Republican Senatorial caucus, for he made a personal appeal to Mr. Edmunds to stand firm against precisely such a course as the caucus only a few hours before had unanimously agreed upon.

"You have," he said, "never helped the Democrats out of a scrape, and you are not going to do it now. But the Democrats are praying that the Senate will in some way aid them. Don't you do it. We are holding all the trumps now, and the Democrats want you Senators to give them another deal. Don't you do it."

But the Republicans of the Senate have decided "to give the Democrats another deal," and they have reached that decision because they have discovered that the American people are too intelligent to be "scared" into electing any candidate to the Presidency. Henceforth the Republicans must stand or fall in their new position. They must present their measure of tariff revision and surplus reduction, and appeal to the intelligence and reason of the country to decide between their plan and that of the Democrats. They cannot cry "free trade" or cite the utterances of the British press with any hope of winning in that childish fashion. The country, thanks to the courageous leadership and true Americanism of President Cleveland, has passed the point where nursery methods of that sort exercise a controlling influence.

"THE FAT IN THE FIRE."

BEFORE the meeting of the Republican Convention, we ventured to predict that if Blaine could not be nominated, the Blaineites would either dictate the nomination or insist on its being given to some one who would acknowledge Blaine's supremacy, and give him the chief place in the Cabinet. When we said this, however, we did not anticipate the desperate intrigue by which they tried to impose him on the Convention, nor the thoroughly implacable temper in which the nomination left them. We supposed, in fact, that the result would be at least brought about by a bargain which, if it did not give them all they wanted, would leave them in a moderately good humor, and secure from them some sort of coöperation in the canvass, with at least outward demonstrations of respect for the nominee. What actually happened, as we all now know, was that they were defeated without negotiation, that no terms were offered them and no arrangement made with them, and that they left the Convention in a thoroughly bad temper. The consequence is, that they are to-day apparently as full of mischief towards the Republican Presidential ticket as they were towards the Republican ticket in this State in 1885, when, out of pure hatred of the Mugwumps, they defeated Davenport and gave the Governorship to David B. Hill.

Any one who doubts all this can hardly have been a diligent reader of the Blaineite newspapers since the nomination. We venture to assert that there has been no precedent for the indifference with which they are treating Harrison, and the ostentation with which they throw cold water on the ticket and repress any signs of zeal among its supporters. The exhortations in its favor almost invariably take the form of warnings as to the enormous amount of work which will be necessary to elect it, and the danger of supposing that it has any momentum of its own. Harrison's name is rarely mentioned. The customary glorification of the candidate's character and career is thus far wholly wanting. In fact, the leading organ of the party, the New York *Tribune*, seldom speaks of him, and nothing has been done, or apparently is to be done, to excite the imagination of the voters about him. Gen. Harrison's friends are told, as plainly as is possible without putting it into words, that, as they have nominated him, they must now elect him the best way they can.

This is not all, however. They do not content themselves with neglecting Harrison. They are making every preparation to give Blaine all the honors and éclat which they would have given him had he been nominated, and which are, they know very well, the due of the man who has been nominated. They are arranging to offer him precisely the kind of reception when he arrives here, which they would have offered him had their intrigues on his behalf at Chicago been successful. The more pompous and noisy it is, of course, the more will Harrison be thrown in the shade, and the more thoroughly will he be given to understand that, if he is elected, he will be expected to occupy the kind of place at his own Cabinet meetings which Mr. Seward tried, at the outset of the war, to assign to Mr. Lincoln, in that famous letter reproduced in the *Century* magazine the other day.

How Gen. Harrison and his backers, if he has any backers—for they have not shown themselves yet—feel about all this, and how they will deal with it as the canvass goes on, we of course have no means of knowing. What he can do about it, no matter what his feelings may be, it is hard to see. If he had to do with people who really desired to win the election, he might frighten them into good behavior by threatening them with defeat; but he has every reason to believe that they would as lief see him defeated as not, and in fact that a very large proportion of them seek his defeat as a "vindication" for themselves and their idol. They have for a long time made no concealment of the fact that a Republican administration under Blaine is the only one which has any attractions for them. The secret of this is, as we have so often pointed out since 1884, that they are for the most part commercial politicians—that is, moneyed men who seek wide opportunities for investment or speculation which can only be secured under a "brilliant" (that is, turbulent and reckless) administration such as Blaine's would be sure to be. Few, if any of them, are men of ideas on any subject but money-making, or are capable of respect for any policy which does not promise "large returns" of the pecuniary sort.

How this very curious situation will end, he would be a wise man who should predict. We may be quite sure, however, that the coming "welcome to Blaine" will not help, and is not intended to help, Harrison, and that the more brilliant it is, the worse off will the Republican ticket be. The voters are not yet prepared for such a novelty as electing one man President by running another. If the canvass should end in a Republican defeat under such conditions, it would at least have the merit of putting an end to an organization which has ceased to have any real strength, and is dependent for even a show of vitality on the "fat" supplied by protected manufacturers.

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QUACK LEGISLATION.

If a man takes medicine without much knowledge either of the nature of his disease or the character of the remedy he uses, we regard him as a fool. If he prescribes it to others under such circumstances, we call him a quack. But such folly and quackery are not confined to medicines. In matters of legislation they are still more universal. For diseases of the body politic, men prescribe remedies at haphazard, and those who know the least of the dangers involved, are the loudest in urging their favorite legislative nostrum. Early in the century Sir Walter Scott said that the law was like physic—easier to use as a quack than as a skilled practitioner. Had he lived in these days of over-legislation, amid the various attempts to make the world righteous by act of Congress, he would have found daily illustrations of the truth of his statement.

Of all the patent legal medicines, the favorite one for diseases of the locomotive organs is the Inter-State Commerce Law. Confused in its composition and uncertain in its effects, it is nevertheless extolled as "good for most everything." It will in all probability be applied to express companies and to water routes; it is proposed to extend it to telegraph companies; and if hack-drivers were only engaged in inter-State commerce, it would surely be urged as an infallible means of checking their extortions.

The Inter-State Commerce Law, as far as it had any definite design, was framed to meet the conditions of railroad business, and especially the evils of railroad discrimination. People might differ, and did in fact differ very widely, in their opinions as to what constituted an unjust discrimination, or how far it was wise for Congress to interfere with the liberty of action on the part of the railroads; but there was an evil distinctly seen which gave the law a specific purpose. There were differences in railroad rates not based on any obvious principle. Some shipments had to pay an enormous share of the fixed charges, while others were carried for the movement expenses, or even less. Competition, so far from furnishing a remedy, had tended to intensify the evil, because it forced rates down at some points without affecting others. To attempt to prescribe a schedule of rates by law, had proved impossible. To leave uncontrolled power in the hands of the railroad officials, was out of the question. As a compromise, a somewhat vague law was passed, and its execution intrusted to the hands of a Commission which might have the special experience to apply it discreetly. The Commission was a skilful one; the law, as administered by it, gave tolerable satisfaction. The result is, that people are clamoring to have it extended to other agencies than railroads.

There seems to be no objection to applying it to express companies. It is not improbable that the law in its original form was intended to reach them; and in any event the express business is little else than a department of railroading, and subject to much the same laws and conditions. If the present law is right for railroads, it is presumably right for express companies.

With water routes the case is different. It is true that the evils of discrimination exist to some extent; but the special conditions which have given rise to railroad discrimination, and have justified special legislation on the subject, do not apply to water routes. There is no such distinction of fixed charges and operating expenses as there is in the case of a railroad. In those water routes which are controlling factors in the trade of the country, the track is practically free. Even on a great and costly work like the Erie Canal, the attempt to charge tolls is not maintained. The expenses of water carriage are operating expenses. Water rates afford a legitimate field for the action of free competition. Unless this is artificially interfered with, rates will be to a great extent based on cost of service. Discriminations in charge by water are due, not to the special conditions of the business, but to violations of the principles of common law.

The law of common carriers, as applied by the courts, was largely developed to suit the conditions of water carriage. The introduction of steam as a mode of water propulsion has modified these conditions, but has not radically altered them. As a business agency, the steamship has far more in common with the sailing vessel than with the railroad. It was because the railroad furnished a distinct set of facts to which the traditional law did not apply, that special railroad legislation was demanded. To try to apply the special legislation to water routes, is to ignore these differences of fact. At the very best, this attempt will be useless; in all probability it will do some positive harm. If we say that water routes and railroads are controlled by the same laws, when really they are not, it will lead us to practical mistakes. A transportation agency which has to pay for its track is in very different circumstances from one which does not. Long - and - short - haul principles which apply to the former may not apply to the latter. The effort to make the two fit into the same schedule will only blind our eyes to the real facts in the case. The effect of water competition on railroads would be nearly the same, whether water routes were subject to the control of the act or not. Even if their nominal status were made forcibly to conform to that of railroads, the practical difference of not having to pay fixed charges would continue, and would be a disturbing element in all competition between the two.

Still worse in some respects is the crude proposal to apply the Inter-State Commerce Law to telegraph business. It is true that the conditions in this case are somewhat like those of railroads, but the particular evils and abuses complained of are totally different. There is public dissatisfaction—we do not now say whether it is well grounded or not—with the general scale of telegraph charges. It is believed that they are so high as to prevent the natural development of business, and that it is the shortsightedness of the management which is keeping them at abnormally high figures. Now, no one who knows anything about the case would make these charges against our railroads. Their average rates are extremely low. They have developed their business in a way which is almost incredible. They have shown the utmost enterprise in reductions of charge which to conservative spirits seemed almost suicidal. The complaint against railroads is on account of their inequalities in charge. It was against this that the provisions of the Inter-State Commerce Law were largely directed. But with telegraphs this is a secondary matter. It is the absolute and not the relative rate which the man who uses the telegraph cares about. It is not felt as a hardship by the sender of private messages that the press receives special rates so much lower than his own. Whether press rates really are unfairly low or not, or how far the inequality of telegraph rates for different places is an arbitrary one, matters not. This is not the main point at issue; and legislation which is aimed at the wrong target is not likely to produce the result demanded.

Whatever result it might produce would probably be attained at a disproportionate cost. A law like the Inter-State Commerce Law would miss its essential feature unless it were administered by a body like the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It could not properly be intrusted to that body itself, for the simple reason that the Commission has on its hands at present all the work which it can possibly do. We are surprised that a man of so much judgment as Senator Platt should not have seen this difficulty with a bill which he has recently introduced. To master the technical details necessary to a proper appreciation of a vague railroad law is enough to tax a man's best energies to the utmost. To learn at the same time another set of technical details with regard to the telegraph is quite out of the question. Either the added work would be neglected, in which case the new law would fail of its intended effect, or each of the two lines of work would be somewhat slighted, to the manifest detriment of both. If the telegraph law were intrusted to the hands of a totally distinct commission, this evil would be avoided; but in that case it would surely be far better to cut loose from the model of the railroad law, and give the new commission power to cope directly, as far as they could, with those evils which are specially complained of in the telegraph business itself.

In any event, it is the height of folly to suppose that because special legislation worked well in one business the same thing will probably work well in another. The presumption is the other way. If special legislation was really required, it was because that business was subject to special conditions of its own distinct from those contemplated in the common law. As far as another business shares in those special conditions, we are justified in extending the law in question. Further than this, there is every reason to suppose that it will be unwise to apply it. To assume that because a law has proved useful in one particular set of conditions it ought, therefore, to be applied universally, is mere legislative quackery.

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A CHAPTER IN EUROPEAN PROTECTION.

If the several nations of Europe were as eager to contribute each its due share to the world's stock of "sweetness and light" as they are to furnish their full quota or more of its supply of sugar, the world would be in a fair way of being a very satisfactory sort of place. M. Léon Poinsard devotes eleven closely printed pages of the *Journal des Économistes* to an account of the endeavors which European governments have been making in the course of the past five and twenty years to curb each other's enthusiastic pursuit of the sweets of this most petted and coddled of all industries. It makes very interesting reading, though one finds it difficult at times to avoid a sense of the ridiculous. As one reads of conference after conference, each as futile as its predecessor, one would think these had to do with the attainment of some ideal and boundless blessing like universal peace, or at least of some economic panacea like bimetallism; but no, the *summum bonum* which all these diplomatic efforts have not yet been able to compass, is an arrangement by which each government shall bind itself not to pay its sugar-refiners a bonus to enable them to sell sugar abnormally cheap to foreigners. M. Poinsard takes his subject far too seriously to see a joke in it anywhere, at least so far as the action of France is concerned; though he does say that "certain countries, like Austria and Germany, which have committed veritable absurdities (*folies*) in this regard, have literally offered to the British tea-drinker, as a free gift, a good part of their sugar. Mr. Giffen has estimated the annual gift thus presented to England by other countries at upwards of fifty million francs." M. Poinsard, we say, does not acknowledge that there is anything humorous in the whole story, nor does he press any opinion of his own; he tells a plain, unvarnished tale, of which we shall endeavor to give some of the principal points.

The origin of the whole trouble is the system of "drawbacks" on sugar. Crude cane-sugar, being considered an especially convenient subject of taxation, as it was all imported by sea, had rather heavy duties imposed upon it by European governments; duties which, by the way, discriminated in favor of colonies of the taxing country, so as to encourage the sugar-growers there. But it was held even more important to encourage the sugar-refiners at home; and this was effected by securing to them the home market through heavy duties on refined sugar, and by giving them a full opportunity for exportation through the remission, on all refined sugars exported, of the duties which had been paid on the crude material. Now it is just here that all the trouble has arisen; for the legal estimate of the amount of raw sugar which went to the making of a given amount of refined sugar was always far above what a well-conducted refinery needed. The consequence was that the refiners obtained as a remission of duty a considerably larger sum than they had paid on the raw sugar imported; in other words, they were the recipients of a handsome bounty on exportation.

When beet sugar began to be produced on a considerable scale, the desire of each of the principal nations of the Continent to take a large share in this new and important industry was so strong that "some of them erected the practice of the drawback into an economic system, designed to assure to their refiners an insuperable advantage in the greater part of the markets of Europe. The others were led into the same path by the fear of the destruction among them of an important branch of industry."

The enormous bounties which were paid out in consequence—again to quote M. Poinsard—of "this thoroughly artificial movement, which led to an absurd overproduction," pushed the sugar-refiners of England to the wall; it was, of course, not an easy matter for her to make an exception, even in this extraordinary case, to her general policy of free trade, and, besides, she was hindered by commercial treaties from taking any immediate steps in the matter. Nevertheless, the situation was causing much uneasiness in England, in spite of the fact that her consumers were getting the sole benefit of the low price of sugar, while the consumers of the bounty-paying countries were not only paying high prices for their sugar, but actually adding to their heavy loads of general taxation in order that certain sugar-refiners at home might undersell the English in their own market.

France seems to have been the first country to get restless under this state of things. In 1863 she proposed a general conference of sugar-producing nations which should adopt a common system that would suppress export bounties, direct and indirect. It would be tedious to go into any details upon the various complications that prevented this conference and many following it from effecting any result. No less than eight international conferences have been held, at intervals of a few years, the last of them having concluded its labors not many weeks ago—labors which will not improbably be as futile as those of its predecessors. In point of fact, the details are merely incidental; the root of the trouble is the enormous difficulty that always attends the removal of an artificial stimulus under which special industries have been unnaturally inflated. "The delegates [to the recent Convention] unanimously declared that the system of bounties was detestable, and its suppression imperative. But each one added that the others must commence and organize their systems in such a way as to faithfully suppress any legislative advantage." There can be no doubt that the principal protective nations of Europe are heartily sick of this ridiculous war of bounties which has so reduced the price—that is, the foreign price only—that the consumers in free-trade countries have, according to our author, gained even more than the bounty-receiving manufacturers, while of course the taxpayers of the protective countries pay the costs all round. Even this sort of protection, made ridiculous by being turned inside out, holds its own stubbornly, each nation being justly afraid that the others will ruin its refineries by keeping up this pleasant game of bounties after it has itself stopped spending the hard-earned money of its taxpayers on this favorite child of protection.

EXIT BOULANGER.

M. Hervé, the editor of the Paris *Soleil*, a Monarchist, but an excellent authority on French politics, has predicted that Boulanger will be defeated at the approaching election in the Department of the Nord, to fill the vacancy caused by his own resignation, and will then disappear from French politics. That this consummation could not be very long delayed has been the conviction of all rational observers ever since Boulanger produced his "programme." As long as he kept it secret, as he at first proposed, he kept alive public curiosity and to some extent public expectation; but when he revealed it, and it was found to be something so commonplace as "dissolution and revision," and something which could not be carried out without the consent of the Chambers, of course every one knew the end was not far off. It was hastened by the exhibition he made of himself in the Chamber in the debate with M. Floquet, and by the subsequent duel, in which he ran his throat on the point of his adversary's sword. To be handled in this way by an elderly civilian made him ridiculous and finished him.

When he disappears there will be no one, as M. Hervé points out, prominently before the public eye in French politics, and no politician with whom the French public particularly occupies itself. In other words, Boulanger has shared the fate of a score of other politicians far weightier and more respectable than he, which was impending over Gambetta himself, and from which the latter was only saved by death. Every man, in short, who has come to the front since 1870, no matter how great his talents or how high his character, has been used up before very long—that is, has gradually lost his hold on the public and on the Chambers, and has disappeared more or less completely from the public view. Gambetta tried to avoid this for a good while by refusing to take office. When he did take it, and found himself wasting away, he slipped out in a hurry, but he would surely have undergone extinction, like his forerunners, if death, as we have said, had not saved him.

It was really this immense slaughter of the civilians which brought Boulanger on the scene. As one after another disappeared under votes of the Chamber, and as the process of extinction became more rapid, the popular mind, naturally enough, became prepared for that appearance of the man on horseback which is one of the strong traditions of French "parliamentarism." That the man on horseback happened on this occasion to be a fool as well as a charlatan, is one of those wonderful pieces of luck of which so many have befallen the present Republic. All her leading enemies, from the Prince Imperial down, have been made harmless by some species of folly. That the Minister of War, a popular hero when the country first began to tire of parliamentary institutions, should have been a weak dema-

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gogue instead of an astute, vigorous, determined, and successful soldier, looks like a special providence. Harmless as he has proved, however, Boulanger's career seems to have thoroughly frightened the Republicans of all shades of opinion, for they have stopped turning ministers out of office. Floquet is enjoying a security of tenure such as has not been accorded to any of his predecessors for three years, and he owes it to Boulanger. It will soon be the only trace of Boulanger left.

Why is it that no more leaders are to be found in French politics? No prize the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences could offer would secure an answer to this question. All attempts to answer it have only removed the mystery one degree further back. Any one who says it is "parlementarisme" simply offers to solve one problem by presenting another. The discussion about parliamentary institutions got up by Boulanger, unfortunately for him, is the old one which preceded the *Coup d'État* in 1851; and the reproduction of the arguments which Persigny, De Morny, and the rest used against parliamentary government at that period has probably had the largest part in killing his pretensions. They brought home to everybody's mind the ugly fact that if you will not put up with tongue government, you must have sword government, and that if you insist on having great men, you can hardly avoid having one so great that he will shoot you for being saucy. In fact, government by discussion is at last receiving that final and greatest of sanctions, the impossibility of finding any substitute for it.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT AND GOVERNMENT BY PARLIAMENT.—II.

LONDON, July 12, 1888.

PARLIAMENTS exist in every civilized State. Parliamentary constitutionalism has produced all the benefits anticipated from its adoption by the constitutionalists of the last century. Yet Parliamentary government is falling into discredit. "Parliamentarism" is denounced by democrats as vehemently as by reactionists. The explanation of the paradox may be given in one sentence: "Parliamentary government" is turning into "government by Parliament," and government by Parliament never can command, as it never has commanded, lasting popularity.

A phrase, however, explains nothing. Whoever wishes to understand the discredit attaching to the rule of representative assemblies should first discriminate between "Parliamentary government" and "government by Parliament," and next consider with care what are the weak sides of government by Parliament. Parliamentary government meant in the last century a constitution which provided that the wishes of the nation should be made known through its representatives, and that the nation's representatives should take a considerable or even a predominant part in the work of legislation. The function of Parliament, as understood by constitutionalists, was in the first place to give utterance to public opinion, and in the next to legislate in conformity with the will of the nation. The transcendent merit of the English Parliament, in the eyes of foreign critics such as Montesquieu, was that the houses of Parliament as a whole (and especially the House of Commons) gave expression to the sentiment of the English people, and insured that no Englishman could be ruled by laws, and especially be made to pay taxes, to which the majority of electors had not given their assent. The House of Commons then secured for Englishmen free expression of opinion and the supremacy of the law, and, in doing this, secured for them blessings not enjoyed under any of the monarchs or aristocracies that ruled the continent of Europe. No doubt the English Parliament in fact both fell short of and exceeded the functions which admiring theorists ascribed to it. The unreformed House imperfectly represented the wishes of the nation. The House, unreformed though it was, did not by any means confine its activity to legislation. Its will went a great way in determining national policy. It did not appoint, but it controlled the appointment of, Ministers. The theory, however, and to a great extent the practice, of the Constitution forbade Parliament to interpose in matters relating to the Executive. The "King's Ministry" was no mere empty phrase. Till 1832 the Crown exerted in England a marked influence on all administrative concerns, and, what has scarcely been sufficiently noted, decline in the authority of the Crown did not immediately involve the weakening of the Executive. Ministerial responsibility implies ministerial power, and Parliamentary government was never intended by its eulogists to be a system under which a cabinet should be the servants of the House of Commons.

That this was the idea of foreigners who tried to imitate English constitutionalism is certain. It is equally certain that, up to the end of the last century, Englishmen themselves did not realize the extent to which even then the House of Commons was becoming part of the Government, and they had no idea that the King's government ought to be carried on under the direction of the House. The statesmen who built up the Constitution of the United States, or who at Dublin and at Westminster criticised the treaty of union between England and Ireland, certainly supposed that they knew something of the English Constitution. Their language and their acts alike show that they considered the Executive as a power in the State, standing almost as independent of the direct control of Parliament as at the present day do the body of judges. No doubt any Whig, or any Tory, for that matter, would a century ago have conceded that in matters of national policy Parliament must have the last word. So, at the present day, any rational man would concede that the law administered or interpreted by the judges must ultimately be determined by the will of Parliament. But no sensible politician supposes that Parliament ought to interfere with the judgments of the court.

Parliamentary government, in short, meant originally a polity under which a representative assembly played a leading part. It did not mean, either in England or elsewhere, a polity in which a representative assembly administered the government of the country. Government by Parliament, on the other hand, means a system under which a representative assembly appoints at its own will the national executive, and assumes more or less openly the direct administration of affairs. In no European State, it is true, does government by Parliament in its extreme form as yet avowedly exist. The Crown in England, the President in France, and other authorities in other countries, put more or less effective restraint on the immediate intervention of the legislative assembly in the duties of administration. It is, however, plain to any observer that both in England and in France the Parliamentary system tends towards the production of what I have called government by Parliament.

Take, for instance, the English House of Commons, which does not constitute the English Parliament, but is by far the most important member of it. Can any one doubt that within, say, the period of Mr. Gladstone's political lifetime, the House has assumed to itself new powers? During the session of Parliament it directly supervises every act of the Administration. If a policeman exceeds, or is supposed to exceed, his duty; if a magistrate gives an erroneous interpretation of the law; if a rumor spreads that the Crown is contemplating alliance with a foreign Power—if, in short, anything, great or small, interests any portion of the British public, some member, by means of a motion or a question, brings the matter under the cognizance of the House. By one of those strange inconsistencies which constantly prevent any theory of politics from being carried to its extreme length in England, people have hitherto acquiesced in the arrangement which sanctions the direct interference by Parliament for half the year in matters which during the other half are left to the unfettered decision of the Ministry. How long this singular compromise between the old and new conception of representative government will endure, no one can tell. It cannot last for ever. If it be desirable that every minister be cross-examined about all his actions, great and small, for half the year, it cannot be desirable that, with regard to the very same matters, he should have what the political slang of the day denominates "a free hand" for the other six months. If, on the other hand, it is desirable that, say, Mr. Balfour should be uncontrolled by Parliament from the middle of August to the middle of February, it cannot be desirable that he should be pulled up by Parliament at every moment between the middle of February and the middle of August. The present system cannot last. Parliament, and especially the House of Commons, will sooner or later be compelled to assume more or to be content with less than its present authority. The immediate outlook suggests that the House will every year intervene more and more actively in the discharge of duties still left to the Executive or to the judges. Already "the Opposition," as I see stated in to-day's papers, "are anxious that a portion of supply should be left over till the autumn sitting. They believe that by this means the House will retain a greater control over the Executive government."

English Liberals, in short, desire that the transformation of representative government into government by Parliament should attain its completion. In France this result has all but been reached. The Assembly, which in practice means the Chamber of Deputies, not only can but does at any moment displace the Ministry according to the Assembly's will or caprice. The supposed independence of the President has gone. M. Grévy was blamed because he hesitated to retire from office. From the point of view of a constitutionalist, he was open to juster censure because he did not fight for his post as a matter of life or death. M. Grévy's retirement was the breakdown of the Republican Constitution. It is no accident that the fall of the President gave life to Boulangism, which means, if it means anything, an expression of popular dislike to government by Parliament.

Government by an Assembly cannot long command popularity, and this for more reasons than one. An Assembly can represent public sentiment and can destroy patent abuses,

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But an Assembly—at any rate such an Assembly as the English House of Commons or the French Chamber of Deputies—cannot govern. It is an absolute impossibility for three hundred, and *a fortiori* for six hundred and odd, gentlemen to carry on the administration of the State. An Assembly may reign, it cannot in reality govern. An Assembly, again, can sanction good legislation, but it cannot really legislate; an Assembly may choose the Government, but, except under favorable circumstances, it cannot insure the permanent existence of a strong executive. The incompatibility between government by Parliament and the existence of a really strong cabinet has only of recent times become apparent. And this is natural because it is only of recent date that Parliamentary assemblies have been anywhere really free to appoint and remove a ministry at their pleasure. In England, indeed, custom and habit still place a certain restraint on the caprices of the House of Commons, yet even in England the authority and independence of the Executive are in constant danger of diminution. In France an elected Assembly is in truth at liberty to follow the dictates of its fancies or passions. The result is patent to the world. Ministry succeeds ministry, until every man with the least capacity for leadership will soon, it is anticipated, have been discredited by the futile attempt to exercise what is ridiculously called power. Nor does this result spring from the supposed mutability of Frenchmen; it arises from the inherent vice of modern Parliaments—the tendency to break up into groups or factions, which can always unite to destroy a cabinet, and can never unite to maintain one.

The defects of government by Parliament would of themselves be enough to account for the general outcry against so-called "Parliamentarism." But these defects, many of which necessarily belong to representative government, give rise at the present day to far more censure than they could have occasioned a hundred or even fifty years ago. From the habits, in the first place, of modern life, every error or folly of a public assembly is blazoned forth to the whole world. It was a true instinct which led the English Parliament of the last century to dread the publication of its debates. The assertion were rash that the legislators who refused a hearing to Burke, or who all but hooted down Chatham when he was the aged and revered idol of the nation, showed more dignity or self-restraint than the members of the existing English Parliament. But it is not rash to assert that the Parliaments of George the Third appeared far more dignified bodies than the Parliaments of Victoria. The maxim *Ignotum pro magnifico* is of wide application. When an Assembly's debates are not reported, it is easy for the public to believe that the Assembly always debates with calmness and dignity.

The sentiment and the convictions of the age, in the second place, demand a strong government. Modern Democrats hold (whether wisely or not need not here be discussed) that the State may be greatly benefited by the action of the Executive. Every day the sphere of government is extended; every day there are new demands for constructive legislation. But Parliament, as already pointed out, is not itself a competent legislator, and finds it most difficult to maintain the strength of the Executive. The tasks demanded of a Parliamentary sovereign are exactly the tasks which such a sovereign is least competent to perform. We can hardly wonder that Parliamentary sovereignty should, under such circumstances, cease to be an object of general admiration. It is no accident that the English Constitution was most admired when, in England at least, there was little demand for constructive legislation, and when the best thinkers of the day desired nothing but freedom from the trammels imposed on individual action by laws and institutions which had ceased to meet the wants of the time. It is certainly no accident that from men who, like Carlyle, detested the doctrine of laissez-faire, came the first attacks upon representative government. Nor does history suggest that the rule of an assembly, even where efficient, is likely to conciliate affection or respect. The Long Parliament was first hated and then contemned, and no despot has accumulated on his head the mass of hatred which still loads the memory of the detested Convention.

AN OBSERVER.

AN ITALIAN BATH.

CASTROCARO, July 9, 1888.

THIS is one of the smallest and least known baths in Italy, although its waters are for certain complaints among the most efficacious in Europe. According to the official analysis, there are nearly 42 grammes of mineral constituents in a kilogramme of the water, of which 0.1754 are iodine and 0.1029 bromine. An analysis by Prof. Roberto Castellucci is as follows:

	Grammes.
Iodide of magnesium	0.1905
Bromide of magnesium	0.1162
Chloride of magnesium	3.1703
Chloride of sodium	35.9252
Chloride of potassium	0.0510
Chloride of calcium	2.2388
Sulphate of lime	0.1587
Oxide of iron	0.0416
Silicic acid	0.0205
Organic matter	0.0721
	41.9909
Water	958.0091
Total	1,000.0000

In the richness of its compounds of iodine and bromine, Castrocaro can therefore be compared favorably with Salso-Maggiore in Italy; is superior to Bad-Hall and Kreuznach; and can be equalled only by some of the iodine springs in the Carpathians of Transylvania which are only locally known.

The village is small; situated about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the railway station of Forli, and about one and one-half hours from Faenza, on the lowest spurs of the Apennines, in the mouth of a valley through which the highroad runs from Forli to Florence with a daily diligence. The country about is fertile and well cultivated, producing grain, silk, and the best of that excellent wine called San Giovese, which was celebrated, according to Varro, even in Roman times. From the old Castle, and certainly from the hill above it, can be seen Bertinoro, Forli, Ravenna, and, on a clear morning, the Adriatic. Besides the rooms to be had in private houses, there are two fairly good establishments of baths, Liverini and Conti, where, though there is no luxury, everything is clean and comfortable, and where (especially at the former) the food is substantial and good and the attendance excellent.

Italy, delightful at all times, is most beautiful in summer. But of this most foreigners, who arrive and disappear with the cool weather, have little idea. The neighborhood of Castrocaro is particularly charming. I do not speak so much of the hillsides, which, in spite of the frequent ravines in the clay soil, were green and beautiful until now that the harvest is finished, nor of the stretch of gardens and orchards down to the river, and of the fringe of poplars on their edge, as of the country roads bordered by hedges of hawthorn and Christ's thorn, interwoven with dark purple clematis, the small pinkish convolvulus, and the large white calystegia, and of the fields of grain, maize, and hemp which extend over the fertile plain quite to the shore of the Adriatic. The large proprietors complain that there are too many trees, to the injury of the crops; but there must be poplars to shade the roads, and the mulberry, and the cut-leaved maple—whose roots go straight down—are necessary for the silk worms and for supporting the garlands of vines, as was the custom in Virgil's days. Everywhere are pleasant walks; and as for longer excursions, it is easy to drive—especially in the light country carts, where your feet rest on a bottom of netted rope—to Forli or Faenza, or to Cesena or Ravenna, or up the valleys to the ruined castles and picturesque hill-towns, or even to the cascade of San Benedetto, told of by Dante.

Italy has one great advantage over Greece, in its continuous chain of historical tradition. Even the children in a village like this, clustered round the ruins of an ancient castle, know that they are the descendants of the men once the vassals of the lord of that castle, who had often fought for his defence, or who under his leadership had made hostile excursions against the neighboring towers and towns. Nearly every high hill is crowned with a ruin; and although the lords have disappeared, yet fragments of tradition remain. There are houses called by the same name given to them centuries ago, some of them still inhabited by the descendants of their builders. There are peasants working farms which their forefathers have held for hundreds of years from the same family; and often the proprietor will forego a loss of rent rather than change the tenant. Castrocaro, about two hundred years ago, was annexed to the Commune of Terra del Sole, and the inhabitants have never forgiven it. Although the populations of the two towns are personally on good terms with each other, the traditional enmity of centuries—seen in many little things—is not to be cured so quickly. In Greece, on the other hand, the grinding tyranny of the Turks, the extermination of the old families of the upper class, and the immigration of new elements of population have almost completely destroyed local traditions. The peasants there know nothing whatever about the old mediæval castles except that some of them were used as strongholds during the war of Independence; and the civilized Greeks are almost forced to skip the intervening ages, and to connect themselves directly with the Greeks of the age of Pericles and Alexander. There is scarcely a village in Italy the local history of which will not interest a traveller who stops for more than a day, and who cares for something more than the mere sights.

Castrocaro was called by the Romans Salsubium, thus showing that they were acquainted with the properties of the waters, of which they doubtless made use, although no Roman remains seem to have been found here. The origin of the present name is a puzzle; the first part is clearly Latin, and the termination (*caro*) would seem to point to the times when the Goths were masters of Ravenna and of all the country round about, although it may come from still earlier times when the Gauls occupied these hillsides. The first lords of whom we know belong to the Berengari family, from whom came that Duke of Friuli who was consecrated Emperor in 916 by Pope John X. The countship passed afterwards into other families. In 1118, the same year in which the Countess Matilda, daughter of an English Henry, gave the parish church of Sta. Reparata to an abbey at Faenza, the Count of Castrocaro was a certain Boniface, a rich magnate of

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Faenza, whose descendants in 1160 gave hospitality here to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. During the next two centuries there were constant struggles between the two important families of Calboli and Ordelaffi, and the country was rarely at peace. The Counts of Castrocaro generally sided with Forli against Faenza, and once besieged and took the fortress of Imola, from which the efforts of the Pope could not dislodge them for years. Sometimes they were hard pressed themselves, especially when the Ordelaffi built the strong fort on the hill of Sadurano across the river Montone, which completely commanded them. But in spite of their quarrels as neighbors, all used to join in opposition to the extortionate demands of the Papal generals. Dante passed this way at the end of 1302, or the beginning of 1303, on his road from Arezzo to Forli; but it was probably party feeling rather than their innate wickedness which made him inveigh against the Counts of Castrocaro in the lines:

> "Ben fa Bagnacaval, che non rifiglia,
> E mal fa Castrocaro, e peggio Conio,
> Che di figliar tai conti più s'impiglia."
> —*Purgatorio*, xiv, 116.

Indeed, Fulcieri de' Calboli, who had been soundly abused in the preceding lines, and who was then Podestà of Florence, was a member of that family, and subsequently held the castle successfully against Dante's friends, the Ordelaffi. Five years later, in 1339, he sold the place for 6,000 gold florins to Francesco Manfredi, Lord of Faenza, but it proved impossible to carry out the bargain, and it came into the possession of the Ordelaffi as feudatories of the Pope. Three times the Popes sold Castrocaro to Florence, in 1364, in 1395, and 1403; but it was only in the last year that the Florentine Commissaries succeeded in getting possession of it, when the Chronicler observes: "Et fuit in decto Castro gaudium magnum et non de Forlivio." Its possession was greatly desired by the Florentines, because it secured to them the entire control of an excellent pass over the Apennines to the coast of the Adriatic.

Although, from this time on, the castle remained in the possession of Florence, that did not prevent the valley from being disturbed by wars in the neighborhood. In 1494 the French General d'Aubigny, marching through here to join Charles VIII. at Florence, was obliged, on account of the narrow mountain roads, to abandon his artillery, which was soon taken possession of by Caterina Sforza, who then ruled Forli. D'Aubigny passed Castrocaro again in 1501, when taking part in Louis XII.'s expedition against Naples. A few years afterwards, fear of the French caused the entire abandonment of Forli by its inhabitants, who all took refuge in Castrocaro, Dovadola, and the towns above. In 1537, a certain Achille del Bello, whose house still exists here, in order to revenge himself on some of his private enemies, formed a conspiracy to deliver the town to Piero Strozzi, but failed; and Cosmo I., for the greater surety of the frontier—especially as Castrocaro was ill disposed to the Medici—constructed the fortress of Terra del Sole, a little over a mile down the valley. A century later, in 1676, the fort of Castrocaro, which had probably already greatly suffered from an earthquake, was dismantled, and its garrison stationed in Terra del Sole, to which place all the Government offices were subsequently transferred.

Among the well-known personages of whose stay at Castrocaro we have some account, were Pope Martin V., who stopped here in 1418, while riding from Forli to Florence; Pope Julius II., who chose this route to go to Imola, as he did not wish to pass through Faenza, which was then held by the Venetians; and Macchiavelli, who (as may be seen from the dates of his letters) remained here for over a week in 1499, when on his embassy to Caterina Sforza. St. Anthony of Padua, in going from the Hermitage of Monte Paolo to Forli, to be present at a council of his monastic order, passed a night here at the house of the Corbici family; this was in Lent, 1222. While saying his prayers before going to bed, he had a vision of Christ as a boy, surrounded with a halo of heavenly light. A servant, terrified by the unusual glimmer which came through the cracks of the door, and fearing lest the house might be on fire, looked through the keyhole and saw the prodigy, on which he hastily ran down stairs to awaken his master.

As Castrocaro is mentioned in few guide-books, I was at first in doubt how to get here. I vainly questioned a number of Italians whom I met one evening in society, until an old judge admitted that he knew the place, since he had lived many years at Forli as Royal Procurator. He then entreated me, whatever I might do, never to pass through the village of Terra del Sole after dark; but his discretion was such that, to the amusement of all, he absolutely refused to explain why. When I had arrived here, the reasons became obvious. After Italy had become peaceful, it was found that a great benefit had been conferred on this valley by its annexation to Tuscany, and especially by the establishment of a free port at Leghorn. This region formed a narrow tongue of land stretching into the heart of the Papal States—a tongue so narrow that in some places the boundaries ran along the crest of low hills on each side of the river Montone. Each of the towns in the valley became the centre of a great contraband trade. Stalwart *spalloni* (as they were called) could easily take large packages of valuable goods on their broad shoulders, and within an hour or so deposit them in some safe place within the Papal territory. The buildings in all these villages bear witness to the wealth of their former owners. But smuggling had its necessary concomitant in brigandage, where the frontier of the Papal States could be so easily crossed; and, after the absorption of both Tuscany and Romagna into the kingdom of Italy, when the smuggling necessarily ceased, many of the old smugglers naturally turned brigands. At the time when my friend the Judge was living at Forli, brigandage was still rife, and his special annoyances were probably increased by the fact that his jurisdiction ceased before reaching the walls of Terra del Sole.

The most celebrated bandit of this region was Stefano Pelloni—called *il Passatore* from having been a ferryman near Faenza—who was noted through all the Romagna thirty years ago. The account of his life and adventures forms an often printed chapter of that cheap popular literature which, patronized by the extreme radicals, is doing so much harm among the half-educated Italian lower class. The *Passatore* is a very popular character, because a legend has grown up that he was the son of Pope Pius IX. and some duchess; and his career is therefore used to show the immorality of the Church and of the upper classes. He is credited with many remarkable exploits—some of them probably fictitious—such as the arrest of the Cardinal Legate at Bologna in his own house and the extortion of a large sum of money, and his capture of the Pope at Castel Gondolfo, through which he discovered his relationship and obtained a perpetual pardon for whatever crimes he might commit. One of his adventures, however, is undoubtedly true in the main, though some of the details are probably inaccurate, and is still the great story of these parts. The niece of the Austrian Field-Marshal Radetzky married an officer of high rank, and took a villa for the season not very far from here, in the neighborhood of the little town of Forlimpopoli. The Legate and other high personages from Bologna came on a visit; and it is even said that, in order to do honor to the Austrians, Cardinal Antonelli came on from Rome. The opera troupe then playing at Forli was induced to give a special representation in the theatre at Forlimpopoli, and as there were rumors of the presence of foreign princes incognito, all the great people of Forli drove out for the opera. The house was crammed. In the middle of "Lucia" the *Passatore* and some of his comrades suddenly appeared on the stage, and demanded not only all the money and jewels then in the theatre, but large sums besides. The alarm was general, but every door was shut and guarded by brigands, and people were obliged to return to their seats. More than this, all the gendarmes in the place had been arrested and confined in their barracks, and the city gates were guarded so that no messengers could be sent to other towns. After the harvest was reaped, the *Passatore* bade a polite good-night and disappeared, but it was not till early in the morning that the audience was allowed to disperse. This was the *Passatore's* last great achievement: soon after that he was tracked and killed. Portions of his band lingered on for a long time, making the roads unsafe, and in the first years after the unification of the country there was a temporary revival of brigandage, as I have said, on account of the cessation of smuggling. The last bandit of any note flourished for a few months in 1868 or 1869, a boy of nineteen of Ravenna called Gagino; a good-natured youth who cared only for the money he took, was always polite and civil—as I was assured by one of his victims—and paid the peasants whenever he found it necessary to levy their horses or carts. Since he was shot, brigandage has ceased, and the roads here are safer by night as by day than in the vicinity of most of our large towns.

Castrocaro abounds in dogs, of every breed, size, and color; and, on complaining of them one morning on account of their barking in the night, I was told that they were most important to the prosperity of the place, as they were all truffle-dogs. Not long after we were asked to subscribe for the benefit of a poor widow who had lost her only resource, a truffle dog, which she had refused to sell for twenty dollars, as he had brought her in more by being let out during the season. Here the breed of a dog counts for nothing, as it is simply a question of education. This is to a great extent true also in France, where truffles are collected more systematically and regularly, although pigs—and especially sows—are preferred in many regions. The pig hunts for the truffle with all the love of an epicure, and will eat it himself unless taught otherwise. With the dog, who would not think of eating the truffle, this is simply one kind of sport like another. Pigs, however, are so very sagacious and so easily taught to come to a point after they have uprooted the truffle, that it is easy to understand the preference given to them, for with a dog who can only indicate the place where the truffle is concealed it is necessary to dig until it be found, and this injures the root fibres of the oaks and other trees, among which the tubers are found, and has an effect on the crop for the next year. In this region truffles are chiefly found under old oak trees, and, as these are not too common here, in young oak plantations. No attempt has yet been made here to cultivate them artificially, and the methods of preserving this delicate fungus are so imperfect—olive oil being chiefly

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used, and there being no regular provincial truffle-markets as in France—that in a good year a considerable portion of the crop is spoilt. The prevailing truffle is the *Tuber melanosporum*, the black truffle of Périgord, the great favorite in cookery. The summer truffle, the *Tuber Aestivum*, so common in France and not unknown in England, is rarely found here. Far more common is the white truffle, *Tuber magnatum*, the great delicacy of Piedmont and north Italy, which has a mingled odor of garlic, onions, high game, and old cheese.*

E. S.

Correspondence.

THE COLORED VOTE IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Forum* for July, Senator (or, as you would say, Bill) Chandler reminds the people of the North of the suspension of the Constitution (or at least of its Fifteenth Amendment) in the States of the Solid South. He has not yet found a remedy for the evil; but, as he may find one hereafter, and in a certain contingency may induce the Fifty-first Congress to adopt it, I take the liberty of suggesting one phase of the question to him which he and most of his friends seem to have heretofore overlooked.

There is no doubt that in seven or eight of the Southern States enough of the negro vote to affect the result of State or Congressional elections is deliberately suppressed, not now by direct force, but by impressing the minds of colored voters and politicians that there is force in reserve when needed; and that organization, an active canvass, and full vote on the part of the colored men will not be permitted. Supposing, now, that a Republican majority should be returned to both houses of the next Congress, measures would undoubtedly be pressed to secure a full and free vote and "a fair count" to the Southern blacks. In the light of former experience we know that such measures would be futile; but let that pass. Let us suppose that force, intimidation, and bold frauds can be prevented by Federal law. What will you do about bribery?

In Kentucky there are about 50,000 or 60,000 colored voters. Nearly all of them claim to be Republicans. Outside of the three counties of Fayette, Jessamine, and Woodford, not the slightest attempt is made to suppress their votes or to count them out. At Presidential and State elections nearly all of them are polled for the Republican candidates. Nowhere do they vote more freely than in the city of Louisville. Two out of the seven Assembly districts regularly give Republican majorities *on the State ticket*. But they never do so when it comes to elect Assemblymen or city or county officials. And the reason is well understood. As the Democrats have never carried the State by less than 17,000 majority, they never spend a cent of money on their State or Electoral ticket. But as the Democratic candidates for the Assembly or the Council are "needed" by some of the great local corporations (for instance, the Gas Company), enough colored voters are bought up to secure the return of these candidates; the candidates for county offices do their own buying, hoping to be recouped out of the fees.

Now, should Senator Chandler succeed in what Senator Morton tried in vain to contrive—an effective Federal law for the prevention of "bulldozing" and of "tissue ballots"—he would still be confronted with a new difficulty: for not much more than two dollars apiece (to judge by Louisville prices) the Democrats of the cotton States could buy enough negro votes to secure themselves in the retention of their State governments. By introducing the secret "Australian ballot" in Congressional elections (which ought to be done anyhow), the use of bribery in the choice of Congressmen might be discouraged to some extent; but still it would be very easy to bribe the colored voter into withholding his ballot altogether. Here is a nut for Senator Chandler to crack.

Very truly, L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., July 24, 1888.

THE DUTY ON NON-ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If there is one duty in the present tariff more absurd and unjust than another, it is the duty on books printed in foreign languages. Twenty-five per cent. is charged on all foreign books alike, whether they be in the English language, in German, French, Chinese, or Hottentot. From the point of view of protection, this duty protects nothing and nobody. We cannot foster a French literature, for instance, in this country by any amount of protection. There are no publishers or writers to be protected by any tariff of this kind.

As a measure for revenue, this tax is an imposition on all advanced science and learning in this country. The specialist, who is but too often a teacher dependent on a meagre salary, must buy French and German books in order to maintain his standing and keep up with his specialty; and, in addition to the regular cost of importation, he is required to pay a tax which is often prohibitive. Further, this tax falls heavily upon the increasing class of cultured people with short purses who take an interest in contemporary foreign literature. For a book whose *list price* in France is 3½ francs (67 cents), one must pay a dealer in this country $1.25. If the book were free of duty, the dealer, who can buy it in France at 40 per cent. discount, should make a fair profit by charging the American buyer about the equivalent of the foreign list price.

It is certainly worth while for legislators who desire to favor science, learning, and general culture to see that, if the duty on all books be not remitted, at least the books printed in foreign languages be allowed to enter this country free of duty. H. M. Stanley.

Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill., July 26, 1888.

THE FENCE-WIRE INDUSTRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read Mr. Stevenson's attempted defence of the duty on the raw material of fence wire. I have read it sitting in a farmhouse whose owner (the father of the writer) would be glad to use thousands of yards of wire fencing if it could be had at reasonable prices—say present rates minus 45 per cent., the amount of duty, according to Mr. Stevenson's figures. This farm is not an exception. There is scarcely a farm in the community which could not profitably use much more wire fencing if it were not so expensive. There is no one even superficially informed as to the condition of agriculture who does not know how severely the farming portion of our population is taxed to keep its fields well fenced.

Are 10,000 men engaged in making iron and steel for fencing? If Mr. Stevenson will take the pains to ride over such regions as eastern Ohio, Virginia, and West Virginia, he will find visible evidence that there is a much greater number engaged in futile attempts to preserve the growing crops from the depredations of unruly live stock by piling brush upon worn-out Virginia worm fences. The wearisome cry of "Cattle in the cornfield!" has come to the writer's ears more times than the moon has changed within the last six weeks. Give the farmers cheap fencing wire, and many more than 10,000 men will be put to work constructing fences. J. H. W.

LE CONTE'S EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "W. M. S.," in his communication criticising Prof. Le Conte's recognition of the inequality in the rate of change which is perceptible at times in the progressive order of nature, asks "what consistent scientific meaning the word development (or evolution) can have when it is no longer antithetical" to such inequalities, asserts that "the whole effort of the evolutionary theory is to do away with breaks and leaps," and stigmatizes their recognition as going "into the old camp."

There are many theories of evolution, of varied quality, good and bad, but the passages cited indicate that the writer has something else in his mind than the theory of evolution accepted by scientific men. When, under certain conditions, gases form water, though the time of evolution is practically instantaneous and the physical properties of the product totally new, scientific evolutionists see no solution of continuity in the order of nature, nor does their theory receive a shock. That theory endeavors to offer an harmonious explanation of facts as they are observed, not to do away with inconvenient truth, and it knows nothing of "camps." A careful perusal of Prof. Le Conte's book, which a review can only very inadequately summarize, will probably assist "W. M. S." more effectually to the desired "clear thinking" than any explanations which might be offered by the Reviewer.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this fall the second and concluding volume of Prof. Chas. F. Richardson's 'American Literature (1607-1885)'; 'Essays on Practical Politics,' by Theodore Roosevelt; Moncure D. Conway's 'Omitted Chapters in History,' already announced; 'Christian Doctrine Harmonized,' by Prof. J. S. Kedney; 'Behind Closed Doors,' by Anna Katherine Green: 'The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia,' by Z. A. Ragozin; 'The Story of Mediæval France,' by Gustav Masson; and 'The Story of Mexico,' by Miss Susan Hale.

Ticknor & Co. will shortly issue 'A Sea Change; or, Love's Stowaway,' a lyricated farce, by W. D. Howells; a new and enlarged edition of Edward Stanwood's valuable 'History of Presidential Elections'; 'Newspaper Libel: a Handbook for the Press,' by Samuel Merrill of the Boston *Globe;* and 'A Mexican Girl,' by Frederick Thickstun.

We learn from the *Library Journal* that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to issue the five years' supplement to 'Poole's Index to Periodical Literature' in the latter part of September. It covers the years 1882–1886. Few persons have any adequate conception of the wide-

* For those who are interested in truffles I can recommend a very instructive and entertaining book, published among the recent issues of the "Bibliothèque Scientifique Contemporaine" (Paris: J. B. Baillière & Fils. 1888), 'La Truffe,' by Dr. C. de Ferry de la Bellone.

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spread use of this invaluable work, or of the extent to which the trade in back numbers of periodicals has been revived by it and given stability.

Wm. S. Gottsberger publishes this week 'An Iceland Fisherman,' from the French of "Pierre Loti" by Clara Cadiot.

Worthington Co. have nearly ready 'Studies in Criticism,' by Florence Trail.

A 'Life of Grover Cleveland,' by Wm. O. Stoddard, is in the press of Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

George Sherwood & Co., Chicago, publish directly 'The Virtues and their Reasons: a System of Ethics for Society and Schools,' by Austin Bierbower.

A school or home edition, for children, of Franklin's Autobiography, prepared by D. H. Montgomery, who has added notes and continued the life to the end, has been published by Ginn & Co., Boston. It is a pity that no mention is made of Franklin's closing efforts to effect the abolition of slavery through the Pennsylvania Society of which he became president.

The fourth volume of Browning's latest own edition of his 'Poetical Works' (Macmillan) contains a "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," and "Men and Women."

The Bancroft Co., San Francisco, publishes a little book by H. C. Sawyer, M.D., describing in popular language the condition known as 'Nerve-Waste.' It is loosely written, but without exaggeration, and, unlike so many professional books for the laity, it has no injurious tendency. The drift of its advice to the invalid is to seek advice—which is good counsel when wisely followed.

The sixth American edition of Tanner's 'Memoranda of Poisons,' a standard work, is well printed and conveniently arranged for physicians, to whom chiefly it is useful. A late edition should have some reference to the bad effects of cocaine when too long administered, and an American book might properly note the action of gelsemium (yellow jessamine) when accidentally administered.

"Two Art Critics" have published a skit under the title 'Pictures at Play' (Longmans, Green & Co.), with illustrations by Harry Furniss. It makes a pamphlet volume, and is the vehicle of satire on artists and statesmen, especially Mr. Gladstone, which is often more rollicking than pointed. It is a product of the London climate, true-blue, and of more interest to young British artists who are also Tories, than to any others.

Perhaps there is something in the present political condition of France to increase the popular interest in caricature, for half-a-dozen books about comic art have recently appeared in Paris. There is M. J. Grand-Carteret's substantial volume on 'Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France,' with its eight colored plates and its five hundred cuts scattered through the text. There is a new edition of the Goncourts' life of Gavarni, and there is a new life of Henri Daumier, the only French comic draughtsman of the century worthy to stand beside Gavarni. There is M. Champfleury's 'Musée Secret de la Caricature,' apparently the final volume of his series of books on comic art; and there is also 'Les Maîtres de la Caricature Française au XIXe siècle,' which the *Figaro* has patronized, and which Quantin has published almost simultaneously with the holding, in the spacious halls of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, of a loan exhibition of the works of the later French humorous artists. In this loan exhibition, as in the Quantin book, the honors are all with Gavarni and with Daumier. Many of the most interesting sketches shown at the Beaux-Arts are reproduced in the 'Maîtres de la Caricature': in each there were drawings by Victor Hugo, Gustave Doré, André Gill (a very funny Thiers as the 'Fille de Mme. Angot'), Cham, É. de Beaumont, and Traviès de Villers. There are reproductions of Daumier's four sketches likening Louis Philippe to a pear—although no single caricature of the French artist is quite as funny as Thackeray's drawing of the *décès-poire*. To the 'Maîtres de la Caricature Française' M. Armand Dayot contributes a prefatory notice of French caricature in this century—a notice both inadequate and stiff.

Everything from the pen of Dr. von Döllinger is welcome. The first volume of his 'Akademische Vorträge,' just published (Nördlingen, 1888), contains a dozen discourses delivered before the Akademie der Wissenschaften of Munich on various occasions between 1875 and 1887. Of some of them only condensed reports have hitherto been printed; others the author has expanded into essays, and the reader of history will be glad to have them collected and preserved in their present attractive shape. The subjects show the wide extent of Döllinger's intellectual range. The Importance of Dynasties in the World's History; The House of Wittelsbach and its Importance in German History; The Relations between the City of Rome and Mediæval Germany; Dante as a Prophet; The Struggle of Germany under Ludwig of Bavaria with the Papacy; Aventinus and his Age; The Influence of Greek Literature and Culture on Mediæval Europe; The Origin of the Eastern Question; The Jews in Europe; The Political and Spiritual Development of Spain; The Policy of Louis XIV.; Madame de Maintenon — these are nearly all subjects of first-rate importance, and worthy of the author's vast and accurate learning. His clearness of vision and honest impartiality secure the reader's fullest confidence, while his simple and straightforward style renders the discourses most agreeable reading.

From A. H. Smythe, Columbus, Ohio, we have a pamphlet description of 'The Battle of Gettysburg,' by Alfred E. Lee. What gives this publication any special distinction is the twenty full-page nature prints of the Ohio memorials on the great battle-field. A more extraordinary collection of bad monuments it would be hard to find—except, perhaps, on other parts of the same field. Barely one or two are tolerable to an eye not wholly blind to beauty.

'The Tariff Question' brochure which issues from the office of *Puck*, and which combines cartoons (reduced in scale) and the habitually sensible and forcible editorial accompaniment, is well calculated to further that journal's steady propaganda on behalf of good government. It is free from anything objectionable on the score of taste, and deserves to be widely circulated.

Mr. Lowell's address on "The Independent in Politics" is now accessible in a variety of forms—first in the bound volume of his political essays just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., then separately, as one of the Messrs. Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series (No. 48), and finally as the first of the Reform Club Series of this city.

The Reform Club has begun, at 52 William St., the publication of a semi-monthly journal of handy dimensions called *Tariff Reform*.

The *Public Service Review*, whose publication office is 83 Nassau St., having completed its first year as a weekly newspaper, now turns monthly, and presents in its first (July) number a model of typographical comeliness embalming much interesting matter.

The *Journal of Pedagogy*, published at Athens, O., is to be enlarged in its second volume, and appears to have justified its foundation.

"An American Statesman" is the title of a sketch of Henry Clay contributed to the *Deutsche Rundschau* for July by Anton E. Schönbach. It is an intelligent and interesting, though necessarily brief, review of the principal political questions of Clay's times, showing his position on each of them. The writer exhibits a familiarity not merely with his subject, but with our current American politics. He closes, for instance, a paragraph on Clay's part in the division of the surplus among the States with a warning against those politicians (he carefully distinguishes between politicians and statesmen) who, notwithstanding the fact that "those unfortunate financial operations serve clearly and distinctly as a frightful example," wish, for the sake of winning the favor of the masses, to carry now the same measures. The article gives no personal incidents in Clay's life, but confines itself to his political career, closing with a warm eulogium of his latest biographer, Carl Schurz, who by this work has a new claim upon the gratitude of "his second fatherland." While regretting his loss to Germany, the writer consoles himself with the reflection that it is her mission and destiny to send forth men "who have devoted their highest powers to the upbuilding of a foreign State."

The principal paper in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for July is by Dr. John Murray, "On the Effects of Winds on the Distribution of Temperature in the Sea and Fresh-Water Lochs of the West of Scotland." It is accompanied by numerous tables of observations and charts so colored as to show the temperature at various depths in the different seasons, and is intended to uphold the theory that the prevailing winds of the globe, together with temperature and evaporation, "are chiefly concerned in the production of ocean currents." He calls attention, however, to the fact that Mr. Alexander Agassiz, in his 'Three Cruises of the *Blake*,' does not consider the winds a sufficient cause for existing currents. Incidentally, he strongly opposes the proposed prohibition of certain kinds of fishing, especially beam-trawling, on the ground that it has not been proved to be so destructive to the fish as has been claimed, and that many men, therefore, would be thrown out of work "because it pleases the State to make an idle experiment." Mr. Henry M. Cadell treats of the "Utilization of Waste Lands," having especial reference to Scotland. The causes for this condition he classifies as follows: human improvidence, poverty of soil, dense vegetation, slight submergence, drifting sand, and want of soil; and suggests remedies in all cases, naturally excepting the last.

Dr. Heinrich Kiepert has compiled a map of Asia Minor in twenty-four sheets, which he withholds from publication pending a contemplated journey to that region for the sake of final revisions. He complains with justice of the refusal of the British War Office to allow him the use of its military topographical reconnoissances in the eastern part of the peninsula, which were to see the light "in due time." He intimates that the secrecy observed has reference to some future collision with Russia, who, Dr. Kiepert remarks, is probably by no means dependent for her knowledge of Asia Minor on British information. The large map in question has been used as the basis (by reduction) of a wall-map of ancient Asia Minor in six sheets (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer). It is needless to say that the latter becomes at once of the highest authority. Every known resource has been availed of in its preparation, down to the

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travels of Ramsay and Sterrett. Ramsay's discoveries have enabled Dr. Kiepert to lay down the whole of Cn. Manlius Vulso's campaigns against the Galatians in 189 B. C., in elucidation of Livy's narrative. Only the beginnings of the Anabases of Cyrus the younger and Alexander are shown.

The same eminent geographer and publisher have produced a wall-map of ancient Latium, in four sheets, with a side-map of the territory contiguous to Rome. Here the modern names accompany the ancient. Assistance in the study of Livy has been especially kept in view. Curiously enough, this publication has been induced by the fact that a similar map of Kiepert's, compiled forty years ago, is still marketed, and his only method of suppressing is by supplanting it. The physical groundwork is of course vastly improved. Elevations are everywhere indicated.

—*Scribner's* for August continues the railroad papers, which are its leading feature, with a fully illustrated article upon Locomotives and Cars, in which that branch of the business is treated with more adequacy than the narrow limits of the writer would have led one to expect. The history of the development of the modern engine and car out of such rude originals as these cuts show us once in use on the old Baltimore road, is followed out with some lack of system, but with sufficient continuity, and the exhibition of the different kinds of locomotives now made and of the methods of their construction is altogether admirable. On the whole, Mr. Forney has grappled with a difficult subject very successfully, and he has been much aided by the many admirable illustrations accompanying the text. Prof. Shaler contributes a new chapter of the "Earth's Surface," dealing this time with the character and history of river valleys in his accustomed graphic vein, and with the outlook he always keeps upon practical matters. He utilizes his present opportunity by urging once more on public attention the plan of regulating the overflow of the flood-waters by means of a system of a very large number of small reservoirs to receive the spring surplus, and to release it slowly through the summer months; the project has been fully explained before. The remainder of the number is occupied with summer fiction of a kind to pass the time without too much weariness of the intellect. Mr. Stevenson winds up with a well-told adventure of his tramping days in France, in which he has free play for the most entertaining and attractive qualities of his style.

—*Harper's* is not remarkable for any special feature in this month's issue. There is a falling-off, even, in Mr. Warner's studies of Western cities, the sketches of Cincinnati and Louisville being destitute of color and of that larger interest, beyond the specifications of the guide-book, which was noticeable in the author's writings about the Northwest. Mr. Conway's "Chiswick Ramble" is most agreeable to read, but the ground is a well-beaten one, and Hogarth is a name that has been used to conjure with very often. The paper on the Montagnais, a tribe of Indians not far from the Saguenay, is also excellent in its own way; this tribe, however, has no special character to make it an object of unusual curiosity. In the lack of literary matter, Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the ballad of "The Leather Bottel" rise to the dignity of an article. Both he and Mr. Parsons, in his illustrations of Wordsworth's sonnets, have struck inexhaustible veins. Mr. Hoxie's account of the Holstein-Frisian cattle appeals to a somewhat narrow audience. The conclusion of Rider Haggard's novelette shows, happily, how near he is getting to the end of his run; but it is rather the second "West Indies" paper of Lafcadio Hearn, with its color-symphonies, its smouldering sensualism, and its other affectations and incompetencies, that touches low-water mark. Having mentioned so many second-rate or worse contributions, we will not be so unfair as to leave Mr. Childs's sketch of Botticelli unnamed. In fact, this number is abandoned to "the magazinist" to an unusual degree.

—The Lick Observatory is soon to have a rival nearly 1,000 feet higher than Mount Hamilton, and situated in Colorado, at an elevation of 5,000 feet above sea level. Mr. H. B. Chamberlin, of Denver, provides the funds for its erection; and the main instrument will be a twenty-inch telescope, a size quite sufficient for nineteen-twentieths of all astronomical work, and much less unwieldy than the great Lick telescope with a thirty-six-inch lens, and a tube nearly sixty feet long. The new observatory will be attached to the University of Denver, and its director will be Prof. H. A. Howe, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now in the Eastern States on a tour of inspection of the principal observatories before building his own. It is to be hoped that the provision of ample endowment for its maintenance has engaged the attention of the University, since there is no end to the excellent work which good observers can do in a climate astronomically so fine as that in the mountains of Colorado. Men cannot, however, even for the sake of a favorite science, live up in the mountains year in and year out with little or nothing. Provision for active maintenance is of equal importance with the building and equipment of such an institution.

—On June 1, the Lick Trustees formally made over their Observatory to the University of California, in accordance with the provision of the will of the donor. The President of the Trustees, Capt. Floyd, being necessarily absent on the occasion, through ill health, it was a fitting time to recount the great service he has rendered to American astronomy in his wise management of the affairs of the Observatory for a period of twelve years. To him more than to any other is due the successful realization of the first mountain observatory. It is most unfortunate that so little of the original bequest should remain for a permanent endowment; but it would seem that the management of the institution is not thereby to be greatly hampered, as the State apparently fully appreciates the gift of Mr. Lick, and is abundantly able to care for it properly. Great preparations have been made for visitors to the Observatory, and freer access is allowed than to any like institution in the world, it is said. The buildings are opened to visitors during office hours every day in the year, and on Saturday nights, between the hours of seven and ten, views of the heavenly bodies through the great telescope will be permitted. It is to be hoped that the Director's request to be allowed the uninterrupted use of the telescopes at all other times will be strictly regarded.

—'The Early History of the English Woollen Industry,' by W. J. Ashley (Publications of the American Economic Association, vol. ii, No. 4) "deals with a strictly limited subject: it does not, save incidentally, touch the history of the raw material, its production, quality, and price; nor that of the finished article after it has passed into the hands of the dealers. It is with the intermediate stages that we are here concerned —the position, organization, relations among themselves of those actually engaged in the manufacture." On the whole, the author has done his work very well. He deserves particular credit for his skilful grouping of well-known facts regarding the development of English industry in general; and, above all, for his clear exposition of the relations between the various bodies of artisans and merchants engaged in the English woollen trade and industry of the Middle Ages. His most serious error is the acceptance of Brentano's theory that the banding together of craftsmen in English towns was a revolutionary movement; frequent conflicts occurring between them and a "burgher oligarchy," from whose privileges they were excluded (pp. 18-25). The fact is, that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the government of most English towns was in the hands of the burgesses at large, who consisted, in no small part, of craftsmen. Mr. Ashley is also guilty of a sin of omission in not speaking, even incidentally, of the decay of many large towns in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, owing, in great part, to the transfer of the woollen industry from the old privileged boroughs to the open country and to smaller "free-trade" towns.

—Mr. Ashley's 'Introduction to English Economic History and Theory' (London: Rivingtons. 1888. Pp. xiii, 227) is divided into three chapters—The Manor and the Village Community, Merchant and Craft Guilds, Economic Theories and Legislation—each chapter being preceded by a brief account of the authorities consulted. The volume before us deals with the period extending from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and constitutes Book I. of the whole work. Each chapter by itself forms a distinct essay. Nevertheless, all three chapters are organically connected, representing three stages of economic development. The first deals with the agricultural or village economy; the second, with the trade or town economy; the third, with the preparations for a national economy through the teachings of the Church and the regulative measures of the State. Hence in this last chapter such subjects as the history of currency, usury, weights and measures, etc., are discussed. In the first two chapters the "spontaneous" economic development of the village and the town is traced; the third chapter shows "how the forces of Church and State took hold of the growing society, and attempted to control its activity." As in his 'Early History of the Woollen Industry,' so in this volume, Mr. Ashley's central idea concerning the general development of municipal government is erroneous. Generally speaking, English towns were not, as he asserts in chapter ii, governed by an oligarchic Gild Merchant, which excluded the plebeian craftsmen from participation in the municipal privileges until they threw off the yoke of their oppressors. The whole of this chapter would have been greatly improved if the author had consulted more of the literature relating to particular towns. Among his sources, those pertaining to London figure too prominently, while those pertaining to provincial towns are not conspicuous enough—a prevailing weakness of writers on English economic history. But the purely economic portions of his work are excellent. The author's reading is extensive, and the presentation of his facts is always lucid. He has brought together in this small volume a large amount of information hitherto not easily accessible.

—The recent celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna has, according to Italian papers, been followed in Pisa by a postlude of strangely mediæval character. The fancy of the student delegates from Pisa was struck, it seems, by the histori-

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cal red, blue, and green Faculty caps worn by the Bolognese students during the festival, and superinduced a transplantation of the academic "colors," in this form, to Pisa. This innovation, for some reason, engendered the animosity of the Pisan populace. A secret and formal garrote was organized to suppress the offensive distinction between town and gown, and injuries of the students by the midnight dagger of the conspirators became a common occurrence. Latterly, the narrow escape from stabbing of a student named Fori provoked the agitation of a wholesale exodus on the part of the objects of the inexplicable popular feeling. Such an outcome of the inefficiency of the municipal authorities, besides threatening the Philistine world of Pisa with a serious loss of income, began to endanger the future of the University itself. Luckily, Minister of Instruction Coppino was induced by a telegram from the University authorities to bring about the adoption of special measures not unlike the "small state of siege" which is occasionally decreed in Continental cities. Nocturnal patrols by the military, and the so far fruitless activity of a corps of Government detectives, are its chief features. The students have been authorized to carry arms until quiet reigns again. Actually, however, large numbers of the students have shaken the dust of Pisa from their indignant feet, and betaken themselves to other schools where they have reason to believe they can wear their colored *birette* free from molestation. They go mainly, of course, to Bologna.

—The principal literary article of the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is an essay by P. de Nolhac on Erasmus's sojourn in Italy, 1506–1509, based upon a number of inedited letters of his discovered by chance in the Vatican. In 1506, Erasmus, now in his fortieth year, was residing in London. Of his great works, only the first edition of the 'Adagia' had appeared. Thrice he had been on the point of going to Italy to study Greek, but each time circumstances had interfered. In 1506, Baptista Boyer, the Genoese physician of Henry VII., wishing to send his two sons to Italy to complete their education, offered the position of tutor to Erasmus. He accepted, and his journey was fraught with the most important consequences. After a brief sojourn at the University of Bologna, he was obliged, by the advance of the army of Pope Julius II., to take refuge in Florence, where he met Machiavelli. On his return to Bologna, he was again compelled to flee—this time by the outbreak of the pestilence. By this date he had revised and enlarged the 'Adagia.' In 1508, he went to Venice at the invitation of his publisher, Aldus, who promised to show him new manuscripts and to introduce him to the greatest Greek scholars of Italy. Venice was then in its glory. At the end of eight months, Erasmus went to Padua as tutor to Alexander Stewart, the natural son of James IV. of Scotland. Soon the League of Cambray drove the student thence, and after a brief sojourn at Ferrara, the court of Lucrezia Borgia, Erasmus arrived at Rome in the early part of 1509. Here he met Egidio di Viterbo, general of the Augustinian order, Tomasso Inghirami, "the Cicero of his age," Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X., whom Erasmus always regarded with esteem, and perhaps Raphael. He saw the foundation of the Church of St. Peter, the bull-fights, which he stigmatizes as a relic of barbarism, and the Laocoon, lately unearthed at the baths of Titus. In 1509, declining a tempting offer from Cardinal Grimani, Erasmus returned to England by way of the Splügen, the Rhine Valley, and Flanders. Henry VIII., his patron, had just ascended the throne. The result of his Italian journey is evident in the 'Praise of Folly.' The refinement of his satire and the excellence of his Latin style are the fruits of a three years' sojourn among the most cultured people of Europe. But there was a still more important result: the near and clear view of the Italian clergy which he had taken, satisfied him that they were not as corrupt as Luther painted them. This fact, and the close relations with prominent Italians which he maintained through life, kept Erasmus from joining the great Protestant when the latter passed out of the Roman Catholic fold.

HENRY H. RICHARDSON.

Henry Hobson Richardson and His Works. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. With a portrait and illustrations of the architect's designs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

It is difficult to judge how far the reputation of a professional man extends outside the circle of his profession and clients; but in Richardson's case it is clear that his work carried his name with it far beyond this circle, and that his reputation may fairly be called national. This is an entirely new phenomenon with us, and the wonder is that any architect should have won such a reputation; for Americans, though they build a great many buildings, have on the whole very little interest in their architectural quality. But Richardson's uncommon personality so embodied itself in his works that they will not be overlooked any more than would his own presence. We have heard a friend who made the tour of Europe with him say that wherever he was, he seemed to pervade and possess his whole surrounding, not by arrogance or a domineering instinct, but simply by virtue of the fulness of the life in him. This life showed itself in an inexhaustible energy, in an enthusiasm more genial than combative, not headlong, but sustained, so abounding and at times vehement that few men and few bodies of men could resist it. Add to this, unfaltering convictions, with a mental grasp which seized instinctively the essentials of the matter before him, and an unlimited power of work, and we have a man admirably efficient for the open field of his profession. It was first as a man among men that his personal power asserted itself. It would have made him conspicuous as a politician or an advocate, no less than as an architect. We have heard him say that the famous students' rebellion against Viollet-le-Duc in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts was planned in his rooms at Paris, though it is likely enough that as a foreigner he took no active part in it. Without these gifts of character and the power they gave him, neither talent nor training would have secured him the success he won, but, having all together, he was irresistible. A public official once exclaimed, after Richardson had battled tenaciously half a day for some unacceptable project: "Mr. Richardson, I do not know whether it is conviction or fascination, but I yield to you."

As with the man, so with his work; wherever it is, it challenges notice, and not because it is designed in a style which was new in this country, but because of its largeness, singleness of effect, and vigor. The general impression of Richardson probably is that he had an enormous practice, and that almost all his buildings were large and important; but plenty of architects in the country have in this respect far outdone him. The list of his works given by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, which she believes to be complete, counts only eighty buildings, distributed over twenty years of practice. A few of these were actually designed by Mr. Gambrill during their partnership, and nearly twenty were left for Richardson's successors to finish—some not fairly begun. It was not till the last six years of his practice that commissions came to him in any considerable number, and even then only half as fast as to some of his fellows. There are among his works half-a-dozen churches, but only one on a conspicuous scale. There are a number of libraries, railway stations, and municipal buildings, but, with one or two exceptions, they are not large. Hundreds of such buildings are going up all over the country without attracting attention. Among the whole eighty, the only buildings which by their own conditions are of noteworthy importance, are Trinity Church (Boston), the Capitol at Albany, the Albany City Hall, the Pittsburgh county buildings, and the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. Among these, only fragments of the Capitol are from Richardson's designs; he did not live to see the Pittsburgh buildings finished, nor the Chamber of Commerce begun. This is not a large showing. There are architects among us who build public buildings by the dozen and churches by the score. The importance of Richardson's works is the importance which he has put into them, not that of their number or of their size.

It is likely that their small number enhanced the quality of his designs, for the work of the very busy architect is apt to deteriorate. It is easy to point out architects whose early successes showed great promise, but whose talent has been swamped in the multitude of its creations. In no art is facility more dangerous; but there is nothing facile in Richardson's work. He was apparently one of the artists who, as Hamerton says, produce work of the best quality, but have not the power of improvisation. The faculty of instantaneous execution, which has so great a charm in painting that many painters value it above all others, is more convenient than vital in architectural design. Instead of it, Richardson had what are far more valuable to the architect—unusual strength of conception, and a critical faculty that never tired. Starting from a clear idea, tenaciously held, his designs evolved their form through a series of approximations. On the other hand, if facility is dangerous to an architect, fumbling is fatal; but Richardson did not fumble. The final result usually had the decision and the unity of an idea spontaneously expressed, added to the quiet strength of deliberate conviction. The process was often laborious: he never spared labor. It had its inconvenience for his client, and would have been dangerous, perhaps fatal, to his practice but for his rare power of commanding the client's trust and patience. He spent thrice the strength on his work that an average architect would have given it, and often thrice the time; but the result was apt to be three times as good.

The outcome of all this was extreme independence of architectural fashion. Every undertaking was to him a new problem, to be solved at first hand. If the solutions were not always happy, they were always direct, consistent, and interesting. When they failed, it was because some elements of the problem were overlooked. A man of less power would have failed disastrously in this independent effort; a man of less training would have run into every extravagance of design. Pupilage in the French school and some years of work in the offices of Hittorff and Labrouste had taught him what design was, and given him the power to use

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architectural forms safely. When he came to his own work, and, like almost all Americans who have studied architecture in Paris, abjured the style in which he had been trained, he had to find a style—that is to say, a harmonious mode of expression for his ideas. How lame his first utterance was for want of this, his first church at Springfield shows, in which, though the composition is excellent, the details are not only ungrammatical, but inelegant and inharmonious. He once said, we are told, that if he could arrange the massing of a design, any one might arrange the detail. To this he never could really have consented, yet his earlier works show more or less in their detail the handling of the clever assistants who worked under him, and with some detriment to the unity of the whole. But as his style shaped itself, his control extended through the whole work, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's story shows how he wrought it out to the end through the hands and brains of others.

Richardson was eclectic, but with the eclecticism of a man in whom the sense of style was always dominant, whose convictions were positive and permanent. He found a Romanesque style which was peculiarly suited to his mode of design—a style in which the detail was most definitely subordinated to mass and surface. Simple forms underlay his designs. He never forgot the value of a right angle or a round curve—elements of design which he found almost contemptuously neglected: the square and the circle, the most vigorous of elementary motives, were his favorites. He delighted in broad surface, subdued richness, and restrained emphasis. His use of these things was a revelation to younger architects. He found American architecture in the *Sturm und Drang* period, given over in great part to violent striving—restless, incoherent, and exuberant. His example has gone far to turn it back to simplicity and quiet design, an influence for which we cannot be too thankful. It is not easy to imitate the best qualities of Richardson's work, to repeat its vigor, its restrained animation, the beauty of its proportion and adjustment, the artistic charm of its ornamental handling; but the experience of many imitators shows how easily its obvious qualities can be caught. He had his excesses, and his imitators have no difficulty in outdoing him in a baldness or uncouth roughness which were his occasional faults, but not his characteristics. Indeed, there is some color for the complaint of a brother architect that if Richardson's influence should last for a generation, there would not be a man left in the country who could design a moulding. But Richardson was always an artist, and his decorative feeling, preferring surface ornament to lines and mouldings, asserted itself in a refinement in which only an artist could follow him, and which gained as he developed.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's biography has the qualities which come from a bright mind and a practised pen. It is rather sisterly than judicial in tone; and this makes her presentation of the man himself none the less interesting or valuable. The account of his works is full and long — too long, we should think, for the average reader, and not precise enough or detailed enough for the professional. The criticism is that of the intelligent layman, somewhat tinctured with the doctrinaire maxims of the day, and accented here and there with a technical phrase. The book is issued from the Riverside Press in an *édition de luxe* quite in keeping with its subject—a large quarto, or perhaps folio, of heavy paper, ample margin, and abundant illustrations—of which only five hundred copies are printed. The illustrations are heliotypes from the buildings themselves, or reproductions of the drawings in Richardson's office, and are very well executed. Naturally, the selection is limited by what was available, and we miss some things that we should have liked to see, especially plans and sections to illustrate the heliotypes; but enough are given to show well Richardson's characteristics. The work, we are told, is a memorial of personal regard, not a publisher's venture, and it is one to be grateful for, though it cannot reach a large circle of readers. Now that it has once been issued, it would be possible to republish it in simpler form at a quarter of the cost, and in that way it might come into the hands of the younger generation of architects, to whom it would be most valuable.

RECENT NOVELS.

Monsieur Motte. By Grace King. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

A Nymph of the West. By Howard Seely. D. Appleton & Co.

A Débutante in New York Society. By Rachel Buchanan. D. Appleton & Co.

The Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder. Harper & Bros.

A Teacher of the Violin, and Other Tales. By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co.

In the history of American fiction nothing is more interesting than the appearance within half-a-dozen years of a host of Southern writers. They have not worked slowly upward from the rank and file, but rushed to the front and won the prize of public favor almost without a struggle. Uncritical readers have devoured everything descriptive of distinctively Southern scenes, life, and character, and professed critics seem to have agreed to declare each new-born Southern story-teller to be the greatest living master of his art. One need not go far to find an explanation of this spontaneous movement towards expression in fiction extending over a third of the Union, nor to arrive at the cause of equally spontaneous homage. The Southerners of this generation have innumerable stories to tell, and the public never fails to detect the presence or absence of that fundamental requirement for good story-telling. It needs but little imagination for a Southerner to tell a tale of hearts broken and homes laid waste, thus securing for an audience the whole comfortable world, ever eager to share through the emotions those tragic experiences in which it has no actual part. But the tenderness of the critics is decidedly more mysterious. Perhaps it may be accounted for most easily by supposing that they were getting tired of abetting the Northern realists in their efforts to show how, in fiction at least, something can be made out of nothing, and shamelessly seized the first chance offering to stand for opinions more rationally tenable. It is questionable whether either a chorus of condemnation or columns of discriminating analysis would have greatly benefited the young Southern writers; but there is no doubt that injudicious, extravagant praise has done them much harm.

The author of 'Monsieur Motte,' we hasten to say, has learned to write with the force, precision, and grace which make style, and which are qualities indispensable for the attainment of rank in the literature of any language. She lapses occasionally into floridity and extravagance, but, for the most part, her language is singularly pure, conveying her thought with perfect lucidity, and describing her scenes with the least effort and the greatest vividness. She totally discards the dialects, verbal corruptions, jargon, which have been reproduced or invented by her confrères with such astonishing facility. She sketches phases of creole life in Louisiana in easily intelligible English, relying for her local color on careful description, and on a thoughtful and sympathetic interpretation of the spirit of a race which she thoroughly understands. Her people speak an English which is French in idiom and incisive brevity, but which, instead of tormenting the reader, enables him to realize their passion, their piquancy, their folly and simplicity, as formal English never could. It helps him to love them and their surroundings, as one cannot read 'Monsieur Motte' without feeling that the author does with all her heart. The book has a personality, and a rarely versatile and charming one. It is strong and tender, merry and sad, refined, yet not falsely delicate or squeamish. It has, above all, that preëminent feminine grace which women so seldom bear with them into the kingdom of letters. The whole story of the quadroon Marcilite's devotion to Marie Motte quivers with passion. It is the passion of half-savage humanity unrestrained by reason. Yet it is womanly to the depths. Nourrice, who recognizes her young master at a ball, and claims his protection, is a hag, yet instinctive loathing for her personality disappears before a compassion, excited by the author's profound tenderness, for a woman born with a social system against her and literally predestined to degradation. Both of these women are drawn with a man's courage, and with that understanding of her own sex which, when possessed at all by a woman, is infinitely more searching than the cleverest man's guesswork. They are women *au fond* as well as superficially, and so are all their sisters of higher degree with whom, as the story progresses, we become more or less intimate. Marie Modeste Motte and her friends, old or young, are not the women of the North, of the colleges, of a generation or two of intellectual cultivation and of struggle with life. They are whimsical, impulsive, fine-mannered gentlewomen. Their only conception of woman's mission is to make herself agreeable, to say enough prayers to save the souls of the men of her family, and, without undue exertion, to "give birth to the mercy of Heaven descending on earth." Not the smallest part of Miss King's success is to have shown them fulfilling this mission so charmingly that it assumes positive dignity and unparalleled importance.

The South has not been permitted to monopolize the attraction of jargon in fiction. The West competes closely, and is, indeed, the land of the "dialect story's" birth. Besides, the West has the advantage of the cowboy, who seems to talk and to behave with a boundless liberty of coarseness, which, by comparison, makes the negro or poor white appear a person of some culture and elegance. It has come to pass that the cowboy spirit pervades Western fiction, and that in most of it the degradation of life is reflected in that of language. 'A Nymph of the West' is a poetical title. It suggests the sweetness and fairness of the flowering meads of May; its sound invites fine fancies like the

> "—noise of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Several descriptions of Texan scenery occurring in the volume are not without poetical quality, but, for the rest, it is a triumphant specimen of the cowboy school of fiction. The cowboy, in his palmy days, the days of his remoteness and blessed unfamiliarity, was a most picturesque figure. Riding straight in his stir-

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rups, chasing down an horizon ever retreating, slinging his lariat with free grace and exquisite precision, he stirred a thrill of admiration in the tamest breast. If we cared to reflect on him at all, there was no reason why we should not endow him with every heroic virtue. But the realistic novelists have changed all that. They have brought him into nearer view, and made cowboy synonymous with a bar-room loafer who swaggers detestably, and always keeps his six-shooter cocked. All the people in 'A Nymph of the West' are latter-day cowboys. The Nymph herself is one not in the least disguised by petticoats; her wretched old father is another, temporarily incapacitated for active business by excessive drinking of whiskey. In this sort of fiction, it may be remarked that the only daughter is always lovely and innocent in proportion to the debasement of the parents. The Nymph's tenderfoot lover, Bruce, is, in the beginning, a sort of cowboy page, but soon wins his spurs by shooting his man at sight. The early chapters are comparatively devoid of incident, so we have leisure thoroughly to familiarize ourselves with the Nymph's domestic life, and with the grammatical eccentricities of herself, her family, and visitors. At the ball given after a round-up, the fun begins. Pistols are more plentiful than fans, and the Sheriff's arrest of a horse-thief warms up the revel. The ball brings in its train several events which show how ruinous to military discipline is residence within the cowboy belt, and how fatally it affects the legal mind and the methods of administering justice laid down by statute.

It is just after this ball that Bruce shoots an irreclaimable blackguard, who is also a captain in the United States Army. Conscious of dazzling rectitude, the murderer delivers himself to justice, and is confined in the jail at the post. The soldiers of the defunct captain's company assault the jail, demanding the body of the tenderfoot, and incidentally shooting a horse-thief. None of the officers pay any attention to this apparently trifling infringement of discipline, and Bruce, the Sheriff, and the jail are saved from annihilation only by the opportune arrival of an irresponsible band, whooped on to the rescue by the Nymph, mounted on a cow-pony. Escaping from an infuriated soldiery, Bruce faces the majesty of the civil law. With an unlimited quantity of free whiskey, his friends proceed to corrupt the whole town from which a jury is to be impanelled, and in this transaction Bruce, the impeccable, is not idle. The trial being fairly begun, the prisoner's counsel rises and submits: "That the gravity of the indictment necessitates that this court adjourn and take a drink." The proposition is at once acceded to, and when all concerned are more drunk than sober, the trial moves rapidly on to an acquittal. The only reason for referring at length to such episodes is, that so many people are apparently blind to their essential coarseness and depravity, and find them profoundly humorous. The author's attitude towards them is decidedly hilarious. There is no evidence that he perceives the shamefulness of life where such scenes are possible, but every indication of delight in its shamelessness.

To comprehend what a wonderful, baffling, and big subject for contemplation American society really is, one need only make a leap from Texas to New York, from 'A Nymph of the West' to 'A Débutante in New York Society.' Generalization becomes an awful impossibility, and preconceived opinions are scattered to the winds. The 'Débutante' is a serious and instructive work. It is revolutionary, too. Hitherto, our novelists have led us to believe that the existence of a rich, American young girl is comparable for happiness only to that of a Peri in Paradise. In the 'Débutante' we discover what rank nonsense the novelists have been treating us to. The author speaks with so much authority, and displays such knowledge of her subject in detail, that there is nothing to do but to denounce her predecessors as empirical, and to pledge ourselves to the cause of the oppressed young girl. A philanthropist out of employment could not do better than originate a society for the relief of our débutantes from the slavery of social usages, more especially from the thraldom of mothers. The extinction of mothers might be advocated, with exception in favor of mothers who are not "bornées." Being *bornée* was the head and front of the Débutante's mother's offending. If the Débutante had been Althea to whom Lovelace sang:

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

she would have answered cordially: "No indeed. At least, not in comparison with my mother's palatial residence on Fifth Avenue. How could the innocent and quiet mind 'take such a dungeon as this for its heritage'? It is exactly on the innocent and quiet mind that all the tortures are brought to bear. That is just what I had when my unnatural mother 'brought me out.' And now, stop singing, Lovelace, and listen while I try to recount my woes unutterable."

The Débutante pours out her lamentations in forty-five letters. She takes herself for a person of rare qualities, stunted—almost blighted—by the frightful conditions of her birth. She knows that, in spite of her mother, she has exalted virtues, hers by inheritance from an excellent and adorable father who always addresses his wife as "Madam." It is a pity that she could not have been more explicit about the virtues, for they were splendid capital. They brought every man whom she met to her feet, and finally provided her with a husband of that incomparable pattern which Nature makes but once, then throws away the mould. To the critical it appears that the gods surely denied the Débutante the gift of seeing herself as others see her. She is inordinately vain and superficial, knowing nothing of human nature from experience and having no intuitions; her judgments are harsh and false. The object of her lengthy recital is obviously not to entertain, for who, except a *bornée* mother, could enjoy endless iteration of miseries? We cannot get rid of the suspicion that the underlying motive is to instruct outer barbarians in matters of etiquette and deportment, and to let the world know how thoroughly a few New Yorkers understand "what's what and who's who," socially speaking. The vulgarest person who studies the volume can hereafter make no mistake about so serious a matter as the meaning of a bouquet sent by a young man to a young woman every Sunday morning; he will invariably speak of a very rich man as *richissime;* he will perceive that there is a distinction somewhere in the use of the words "present" and "introduce," though he can't help sharing the author's uncertainty; but he will continue for ever to say that he "is pleased" when he means that he "is glad." There is no kind of fiction so silly or so profitless as this. Most of the kind are at once offensive and ridiculous, but the 'Débutante' is only tiresome, crude, and very "fresh."

It is said that 'The Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder' was written long before Rider Haggard's star rose on the literary horizon. The author is therefore exonerated from suspicion of plagiarism. Yet the adventures of the sailor cast away near the Antarctic circle have a close resemblance to those of Mr. Haggard's heroes. His boat is borne through a crevasse in the ice-wall, swept by a swift, black current past violently eruptive volcanoes, past desolate shores, and, at last, through that invaluable underground river, into an open sea surrounded by cultivated lands. This is necessarily the home of a strange people, and there is considerably more originality and humor in their strangeness than in any of Mr. Haggard's inventions. They live in caverns, loving the six months of darkness, and shunning the equal period of light. To be a pauper among them is to be great, and the severest punishment is to have riches and honors lavished on one. A man who will take all he can get is punished without cessation. Life is a curse to the Kosekin, and death a joy. It is extremely difficult to get any one to consent to live to maturity. They told the castaway plainly that since he protested that he loved riches and life and requited love, he was a person of no intellect whatever. When he had accepted everything they had to give, they became so fond of him that they decided to bestow the final boon of death. The device by which the sailor escaped this supreme honor, and became King of the Kosekin, makes the catastrophe. The story is ingenious and well written, and the evident satire on the ideas and guiding principles of known races gives it some intellectual interest. No novelist can describe an unknown race without referring to the lost tribes, and the insinuated identification of the Kosekin with the wandering Israelites is quite in order. These lost tribes have such a fascination for imaginative theorists that all earthly glory and distinction seems insignificant beside that of being descended from them. If all things are predestined from the beginning, there is no doubt that the tribes were lost, or went and lost themselves, on purpose to torment the speculative for all futurity.

The stories included under the title, 'A Teacher of the Violin,' have to do with the fine flower of nobility. The few characters introduced of lowly birth are all but ennobled by association with the many born to greatness. Thus the teacher of the violin, who is attached to a German prince's court, and his pupil, who is adopted by a countess. Thus, too, the actor who tells the tale of "Helena von Saarfeld," and who had many a bad quarter of an hour while refusing the persistently proffered hand of that distinguished lady. The incidents are devised chiefly to give the characters a chance to show their breeding, and that they all do punctiliously, without any talk or fuss about it. They are very simple incidents of love misplaced or unfortunate, and, as befits the people interested, are more dignified than exciting. The people preserve external coolness and a certain formality, even in moments of intense agitation, and, excepting in the case of the Marquis de St.-Palaye, their courtesy does not appear unnatural or exaggerated. With all deference to the high honor and chivalry of the Marquis, he certainly bears a family likeness to Turveydrop. The style in which the stories are written is as scrupulous and polished as are the manners of the characters. As it is agreeable to come in contact with such models of courtesy, even if they do lack warmth, so it is agreeable to read stories about them, written in an appropriately flowing and elegant manner—one that expresses fire and life chiefly by artistic repression.

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Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners, with descriptions in language understanded of the people. By Gurdon Trumbull. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth, pp. viii, 222, cuts.

A HANDSOMELY made book on the publishers' side, and on the part of the author a novel and genuine piece of work, made up mostly of information not to be had elsewhere. It will not fail to take and hold its own place; and for no small part of the bird-loving public it will answer all the purpose of the more systematic treatises like Coues's 'Key' or Ridgway's 'Manual.' It treats of all the recognized game-birds of Eastern North America, sixty-one in number according to the author's count, belonging to the goose and duck family, the gallinaceous order, and the plover, snipe, and rail families; and the subject is handled in such a way that no one can fail to identify his bird at a moment's notice. For we have here, strange to say, descriptions "in language understanded of the people"; and lest even this may not suffice, a good "portrait" of each species, clear as a professor's blackboard diagram of a proposition in Euclid—and, we may add, equally artistic. We assent with a sigh of resignation to our bold author's thesis, to wit: "Few, even among our most intelligent college-bred sportsmen, can form a very clear idea of a bird's appearance from the 'shop-talk' of scientists, even though provided with a glossary; and it may be broadly stated, with quite a showing of truth, that the descriptions commonly encountered in ornithological works (particularly of to-day) are only intelligible to those who do not need them."

But what of these "names" of birds, standing at the head of the book's title? Mr. Trumbull's descriptions and figures are but a means to his end of giving us the names by which our game is known—known to the people—to our gunners, "a class of men who earn a livelihood by shooting birds"—known to "that helpless but interesting creature, the true sportsman," as our author styles him—but mostly unknown to the compilers of technical synonymy. It is no unusual thing for a bird to have half-a-dozen generic names, a dozen specific names, and several dozen binominal designations variously compounded of these two terms, according to the letter of the law of ornithological nomenclature. Our author, with a fine instinct of self-preservation, selects that one of them which the American Ornithologists' Union has stamped with orthodoxy; provided with which, with his description, and with his figure, as a trigonometrical basis, he proceeds to survey the whole field. He seeks literally the "winged words"; the living and spoken vernacular names are his game; and the number of these that he brings to book are simply astounding.

We cannot count them; but a little cipher-ing over the eleven pages of triple-column index shows considerably more than a thousand names for three-score birds. They certainly average over sixteen apiece, and sometimes run up to forty, fifty, or more. Comparatively few of these are variants of one another, or among the ἅπαξ λεγόμενα; the great majority are straight-out distinctive names, in which single nouns, as distinguished from descriptive phrases or compounded epithets, are conspicuously numerous. It would be a pretty liberal education in the genesis of language to con over the list Mr. Trumbull gives, and see how this or that "point" about a bird has been seized upon and made a name of. Onomatopœia finds great scope, as would be expected, and the "bow-wow" theorists in philology might take great comfort from Mr. Trumbull's labors; but, after all, what a bird *looks like*, in the first place, and, secondly, what a bird *does*, rather than what it says when it opens its mouth, are, mainly, the seeds of this strange crop of nicknames and bye-words. The names, too, have to a notable extent the quality of spontaneity, naïveness or innocence, so to speak, which vouches for their originality and authenticity; they are such as any son of Adam out of Eden should apply if he were set to the task said to have been given his first parent; and how next to nothing he is indebted to the ornithologists or their books is vouched by the rarity, nearly the absence, of the regular English book-names. Even such common names as "hooded merganser," "Hudsonian godwit," and "pectoral sandpiper" are almost entirely wanting, showing that these terms, though English, are read and not spoken names, except to the literary few. They are, in fact, almost as seldom heard out of library and museum doors as the corresponding technicalities, *Lophodytes cucullatus*, *Limosa hæmastica*, and *Actodromas maculata*.

Let us see the actual genesis of the names. Take the case of a very common duck of our Atlantic coast, whose Latin technical name is *Erismatura rubida*, whose regular book-name is "ruddy duck," from the prevailing color of the adult male, translating *rubida*. The generic name, *Erismatura*, referring to a peculiarity of the shape and texture of the tail-feathers, has been rendered by the persons who never heard of it as 'stiff-tail,' 'quill-tail,' 'pintail,' 'bristle-tail,' 'stick-tail,' 'spinetail,' 'dip-tail,' and 'heavy-tail'—all pat enough terms. 'Leatherback' appears as the equivalent of *rubida* or ruddy: the bird is the duck with a back the color of tanned sole leather. The bird has a broad blue bill; straightway it is called 'blue-bill,' 'broad-bill,' and 'spoonbill.' It has a dark steel-blue crown: it is a 'steelhead.' It is a fat, chunky little fowl; therefore is it a 'butter-duck,' 'butter-ball,' 'butter-bowl,' and 'dumpling-duck.' Its activity makes it a 'blatherskite,' 'bladderscoot,' 'blatherscoot,' 'batterscoot,' and 'bumblebee-coot.' Is it ever inactive, stupid, or tame? Then it becomes a 'sleepy coot,' 'sleepy duck,' 'sleepyhead,' and even a 'sleepy brother'; likewise a 'booby-coot,' a 'noddy,' a 'fool-duck,' and a 'deaf-duck.' But not always thus; when alarmed it can dive like a flash, and it is then a 'dipper,' a 'dapper,' a 'dopper'; even a 'mud-dipper,' and a 'broad-billed dipper,' yea, and a 'diptail diver,' a 'dun diver,' and a 'brown diving-teal.' Then it is hard to kill? Certainly, a very 'tough-head,' a 'hard-head,' a 'hickory-head,' 'hard-tack,' a 'lightwood knot,' a 'shot-pouch,' a 'stub-and-twist.' When it flusters over the water it is a 'dinkey' or a 'dickey'; and, for the same reason, perhaps, it is a 'paddy-whack,' or a plain 'paddy.' Do the people, after all, have some trouble in classifying the bird systematically? It would seem so, for it is not only a 'duck' and a 'diver' of several kinds, but some kind of a 'goose,' 'widgeon,' 'teal,' and 'coot,' and a 'water-partridge,' and a 'rock.' "Just think of it," exclaims our author in his rich embarrassment and consternation; "a duck called a rook under the very shadow of the Smithsonian!"

To mention a locality reminds us how careful our author is to give a local habitation to these airy nothings. Provincialism is rife in such word-building; the name changes with the times and places of its usage. Few of these designations are wide in geographical range; many are confined to a single locality, even to some class of persons in such locality; and such facts are always set forth with particularity. Some of the names once heard are already dead or dying; others are continually entering the current of our speech. With exceptions, the field chiefly gleaned has been our Atlantic coast region; and everybody has been laid under contribution, from the Down-East fishermen to the Crackers of Carolina and the negroes of Florida.

Perhaps the ruddy duck, with its fifty or sixty names, all outside of books, is a little exceptional; but the process and result of name-making are the same in all cases, *mutatis mutandis*. And now we begin to see what a very interesting book Mr. Trumbull has made. It is far from a mere list of names, and our author takes us by the hand through the mazes of myrionymy safely, surely, and pleasantly, if not also swiftly. It is a scholarly, leisurely, bookish book, smelling of the library shelves and the easy-chair, after the muddy boots and shooting-iron have been put away. Well-known faces greet us among those who have stood sponsors at the christenings of our birds, from Catesby and Edwards, Lawson and that old thief, John Brickell, Bartram and Barton, President Jefferson and others of generations gone, to the "Frank Foresters" of yesterday, and the Charles Hallocks of to-day. The ensemble is a charming picture, especially as it is lighted up with the author's own gleams of never-failing good-humor and quiet fun. How many times he laughed outright in writing it we may never know, but the gloomiest reviewer may not be exempt from a certain contagion. Take this, for example, a perennial Joe Miller, as good to-day as ever:

"Wilson relates a funny anecdote connected with the passage of a New York game law in 1791. 'The bill was entitled "An Act for the Preservation of Heath-hen, and other game." The honest chairman of the Assembly—no sportsman, I suppose—read the title "An Act for the Preservation of *heathen* and other Game," which seemed to astonish the Northern members, who could not see the propriety of preserving Indians, or any other heathen.'"

We should never end if we tried the comic aspects of the names in this book, as in the Rev. J. H. Linsley's reverential handling of the name 'godwit." "The good old preacher, in speaking of these birds, could not take his Lord's name in vain on so slight a provocation, hence he called them 'good wits.'"

How to Judge of a Picture; Familiar Talks with the Uncritical Lovers of Art. By John C. Van Dyke. Chautauqua Press.

THE author of 'Principles of Art' seems to require a good deal of discouragement from pursuing his unintelligent way. For if ever a writer on art gave clear evidence of not having touched bottom in his study, and of having no perception of the fundamental distinctions of sound criticism, it is he. It is a clear case of a blind man leading the blind across a country full of the most disastrous ditches. Take the following from Mr. Van Dyke's chapter on "Tone and Gradation":

"Tone is a word often used out of place as synonymous with harmony, but you will not so confuse the terms, for they are quite distinct in meaning. Harmony is the relation of qualities; tone the relation of quantities. To be sure, they have very much to do with one another, and it is very doubtful if tone may be produced without harmony, or harmony without tone. The distinction between them may be made plainer, perhaps, by saying that harmony has more particularly to do with the problem of whether one color is congenial or well suited to another, while tone involves the degrees of different colors used and their proportionate relationships to one another. If you have had little experience among pictures (and I am addressing only the inexperienced), tone will be something of which you have heard much and seen but little—that is to say,

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you may have seen it but have not recognized it."

It is probably only with relation to art that the idea seems to obtain with the general public, that the best person to teach it to those who know nothing of it is one who himself knows very little—*i. e.*, the first principles which are the necessary foundation of any learning, but are the last to be arrived at by the professor, may be dispensed with by the student until the later phases of his education; while the truth is, that the education which is not begun with the first principles is education thrown away. "Harmony is the relation of qualities; tone the relation of quantities" is antithetical, but the most concentrated attention that we are able to bring to bear on it wrings nothing but nonsense out of it. So far as there is a meaning to be conjectured in it, it is our impression that it is not true; but it is not safe to say that a thing one does not understand is untrue, and Mr. Van Dyke's further attempt to elucidate his meaning "by saying that harmony has more particularly to do with the problem of whether one color is congenial or well suited to another, while tone involves the degrees of different colors used and their *proportionate* relationships to one another," does not clear up the mud in the least. We give it up. If this be primary education in art, the less we have of it the better, for the higher stages must give rise to some gruesome reading.

The definition of "values" is another curious case of wisdom confounded:

> "If you will hold out your open hand before you, partially close your eyes, and look, not for the outline or shape of a hand, but for patches of light and shade, you will see that the palm which is directly before you has the highest light upon it, and that there is a gradation of light into shadow in the spaces between the fingers, and around the ball of the thumb and the sides of the hand where they lead to the edges. Those gradations of light and shade which necessarily involve gradations of flesh-color and possibly the reflections from side lights, are *values*." "It will be understood, then, that what are known in art parlance as values are the variations of light, the effect of intervening atmosphere, and the reflections from surrounding objects or colors, all combined. Properly speaking, values are nothing more or less than the relations of light and shade."

This is simply stupefying. The author goes on to say that "there is no great unanimity of opinion among artists and critics regarding the meaning of the term and what it includes. A number of writers have tried at various times to define it properly, but it has such a loose meaning that definition is quite impossible"! At the risk of attempting the impossible, we are willing to enlighten the author on the subject, by telling him what values are as understood by one of the greatest masters of them in our day—J. F. Millet. If you throw a black coat on the snow, either in the sunshine or in diffused light, there will be a difference in the pitch of the local color quite independent of the light and shade, and this difference will be substantially the same in either case. The mass of the coat will tell as a dark mass on the snow, and the difference, which has nothing to do with light and shade, is the difference in the values. It is exactly the quality furthest removed from that given it by our auther.

"The word *textures* is not used in connection with silks, satins, and embroideries alone, but is an art term, *referring to the peculiar qualities of any and all objects that are shown in a painting.*" Here is another riddle—we give it up as well.

We have waded through Mr. Van Dyke's book, but conceive the above enough for a fair, if severe, exposition of its merits as a treatise on art. It contains, however, the evidence that the author has a fairly cultivated appreciation of painting in the concrete, and does know the difference, within narrow limits, between good and bad art; but we must offer him the advice of the Scotch judge to a tyro, not to give the reasons for his opinions, but to content himself with pronouncing his judgment, for his enunciation of principles is great nonsense, and the world is too full of nonsense on art already.

Review of the New York Musical Season, 1887-1888. By H. E. Krehbiel. Novello, Ewer & Co.

THIS is the third issue of this useful handbook, and if Mr. Krehbiel, as is to be hoped, will continue to issue one annually, the task of some future historian of music in America will be remarkably facilitated. The present volume begins with the concerts of the unfortunate but charming Italian violinist, Teresina Tua, and ends with the production of Verdi's last opera, "Otello," by the Campanini Company. Among the more important articles are criticisms of the Josef Hofmann concerts, Wagner's symphony, and the operas brought out for the first time at the Metropolitan — "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Cortez," "Euryanthe," and "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen." Of many of the concerts only the programmes are recorded, but even this part of the book has its value, for since all the important concerts given in New York are included, provincial conductors may use Mr. Krehbiel's 'Review' as a valuable text-book in programme-making, under the guidance of such masters as Thomas, Seidl, etc. The consecutive arrangement of musical events, according to dates, is doubtless preferable to any other; but it would be convenient if the index discriminated, by different sizes of figures, the pages occupied with comment on certain compositions, and those on which the same works are merely recorded as parts of a programme. It would not do to leave these latter altogether out of the index, for their presence allows one to see at a glance how often a given composer figured on the programmes of the season. Thus, in the operatic line, it is significant to find only five entries under Bellini, and 126 under Wagner; and it is encouraging to see so many references to Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein, showing that the musical world moves. Four pages are taken up by a letter addressed by Herr Seidl to the New York *Tribune*, regarding Wagner's early symphony, concerning which no one is so well qualified to speak, since it was Herr Seidl who was called upon by Wagner himself, when the long-missing parts had been found, to make the score out of them. Wagner also wanted Seidl to conduct the symphony at Venice, as he dreaded the fatigue involved in the rehearsals, but Seidl was prevented by his engagements from going. "Two months after his death," he writes, "when I was conducting the Nibelung cycle in Venice, I was told personally by the concertmeister, who had played in the symphony performances, that when Wagner had finished, he laid down his bâton with the words: 'Now I have conducted for the last time.'"

The last twenty-three pages are devoted to statistics of the novelties produced at the opera and in the concert-halls and to a general retrospect, in which the operatic problem is discussed in a very sensible manner. The ignorant journalists who prophesied that German opera was coming to grief, are met by the retort that "the Wagnerian dramas throughout the season were worth $750 a night more than the rest of the list." The statistics concerning the receipts and expenditures at the opera, being derived from official sources, are as instructive as they are trustworthy. Fourteen operas were given, involving 451 rehearsals, and ranking, as regards their financial value, in the following order: "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Prophet," "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Euryanthe," "Trumpeter," "Jewess," "Cortez," "Fidelio." Among the curiosities of this list, as illustrating the fickleness and uncertainty of popular patronage, are the facts that "Fidelio," which headed the list last season, foots it this year, and that "Cortez," on which more than half the money given out for *mise-en-scène* this year was expended, is last but one. As regards Italian opera, Mr. Krehbiel thinks "it will not utterly die until the public adopts a nobler attitude towards music than they occupy towards literature and the drama." But "we are in an era of change in art ideals. To cling to the sweets of Italian melody and live in the memories of Mario and Grisi is folly. So young an art as music cannot stand still for half a century, and Roman tastes, though they may clog for a time, cannot permanently bind a people Teutonic in their origin." The following also is worth pondering as showing the change which has come over audiences: "We all know that when Italian opera was in its glory, the public were perfectly willing to accept a listless performance from any one of its great interpreters if he or she would but thrill them with a single air or a single note in an air. Mario was wont to save himself for one glorious outburst, and with it his admirers were satisfied. This would now be impossible."

To the general public who do not care for musical problems, the most remarkable statement in Mr. Krehbiel's book is that, "of the money paid for royalties [at the Metropolitan], nearly $9,100 went to the estate of Richard Wagner, Director Stanton having assumed the *purely moral obligation* of paying royalties on all the Wagnerian works produced." This is certainly extremely honorable on the part of Mr. Stanton and the stockholders, and ought to be held up as an example to our piratic music and book publishers.

Corinne; or, Italy. By Mme. de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Pauline Driver. [Bohn's Novelists' Library.] London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford. Pp. 394.

SAINTE-BEUVE, fifty years ago, writing of this book (then a generation old), said: "As time advances, the interest that attaches to such works, which have been recognized to have a real and lasting existence, may change in character, but is not less great. Their very faults become representative, and are not without charm, as the once-admired expression of a taste that has given place to another, which in its turn will likewise pass away." It is this enduringness of interest that makes any adequate study of these works, whether in the form of criticism or of the commentary which an able translation furnishes by its very nature, always timely and welcome. But of an inadequate translation of classics precisely the opposite is true; it is untimely and unwelcome. We regret to say this is the case in the present instance. The publisher of Bohn's Libraries has been unfortunate again, as too often before, in his choice of translators. Their work is a paraphrase rather than a reproduction of the original, and is pervaded by a dulness of perception that turns the abundant flow of phrase in the original into stiff and stupid sentences. The translation is everywhere unsuccessful and

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unjust, whether in passages of description, of conversation, or of moral observation, and frequently entirely mistakes the meaning of the text. These assertions may be strengthened by examples. Of the frequent mistakes the following is characteristic: "Lucile avait tort de ne pas exprimer ses craintes," "Lucille was careful not to express her fears." "Dominiquin" is translated "Dominican." The Italian verse,

A pena si può dir: questa fu rosa;

is given as

A pena si suo die fu rosa.

The downrightness and hasty clumsiness of this phrase, "Conscience sometimes becomes morbid under the pressure of sorrow, and one easily accuses oneself of guilt," is no worthy rendering of the delicate harmony in the thoughtful saying: "Quand on souffre, on se persuade aisément que l'on est coupable, et les violents chagrins portent le trouble jusque dans la conscience." When Lord Nelvil says: "La délicatesse avec laquelle vous vous êtes conduit pour monsieur votre oncle, inspire pour vous, M. le comte, la plus profonde estime," it is something very different from "The way you behaved to your uncle, Count, makes me esteem you highly."

This for description: "Ils virent ensemble Pompéia, la ruine la plus curieuse de l'antiquité. À Rome, l'on ne trouve guère que les débris de monuments publics, et ces monuments ne retracent que l'histoire politique des siècles écoulés: mais à Pompéia, c'est la vie privée des anciens qui s'offre à vous telle qu'elle étoit." "They saw Pompeii, the most curious ruins of antiquity. In Rome you simply find relics of antiquity, and in these you just trace the political history of past ages; but at Pompeii the private life of the ancients offers itself to your reflection."

Condemnation must fall on such disrespect shown to a great writer—a writer who gave the most attentive care to the details of this monumental work, and who (in Sainte-Beuve's phrase again) therein "attained to art, to sustained majesty, to harmony."

Sphinx Locuta Est: Goethe's Faust und die Resultate einer rationellen Methode der Forschung. Von Ferdinand August Louvier. Berlin: Georg & Fiedler. 2 vols.

Is this treatise a joke? Is it, like the famous book of 'Allegoriowitch Mystifizinski,' a *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of a certain kind of expounders of 'Faust'? So one is certainly tempted to think at first. But the work is in two good-sized octavo volumes, containing together a thousand pages. The paper and printing are excellent, and there is nowhere a suggestion of intentional humor. To make the text must have required years; to see it through the press was, at any rate, no trifling matter; in short, all indications point to the conclusion that we have to do here with a seriously meant contribution to exegetical literature.

Herr Louvier has discovered that 'Faust' is a mine of riddles, the key to which he has, after infinite perplexity, at last found out. He begins his revelations in a very familiar way by reducing the poem to an allegory: *Faust* is the Understanding; *Wagner*, Scholasticism; *Gretchen*, Naïveté: *Mephistopheles*, Egoism; the *Witch*, Anility; the *Poodle*, Negative Proof, and so on. The poem consists, at every point, of three strands skilfully woven together by the poet, but capable of being separated by the cunning reader: first, there is the poetic 'Faust,' in which the characters are what they seem to be and what people in general suppose them to be; then there is the philosophical 'Faust,' in which the same characters stand for abstractions of the mind; and, finally, there is the historical (*culturgeschichtlicher*) 'Faust,' in which they and their language have mysterious reference to important facts of history, as, for example, the Prologue to Freemasonry, the Easter Holiday scene to Grammar, and the Earth-Spirit scene to Swedenborg and the Rosicrucians.

Thus far, perhaps, the revelations of the Sphinx are not so very remarkable. A reader who is at home among the expounders of 'Faust' has heard, if not the same thing, yet the same sort of thing before. But the Sphinx proceeds, and proceeds in a way to arrest the attention of the most phlegmatic passer-by. Not only is Goethe's poem a triplicate tangle as regards its characters and its dramatic economy, but its ordinary language is not what it seems to be. There is a special "Faust language," consisting of symbolical meanings for familiar words; and this symbolism, we learn, is consistently adhered to everywhere. Thus, when the poet says "sun," he always means *knowledge;* "moon" means *the ideal;* "kettle," *the head;* "city," *the brain;* "wood," *stupidity;* "gold," *thought;* and "to spin," *to meditate.* These definitions are taken from a fragmentary "Faust dictionary," found in vol. i, p. 20. The list there given closes with an "et cetera," which implies, we suppose, that the other words in 'Faust' also have their own meanings, which the reader can readily supply for himself. It is only necessary that the Sphinx should put him on the right track.

Thus equipped for his work, Herr Louvier rides boldly into the fray, and what execution he does among the received opinions of the literary public can be neither described nor imagined. The tragedy of *Gretchen* is the destruction of Naïveté by the Speculative Understanding; *Valentine*, *Gretchen's* brother, is, of course, Common Sense, which perishes at the hands of Speculative Understanding, aided by Egoism (*Mephistopheles*). But what of *Gretchen's* continual *singing?* Ay, there's the rub—that is, there *has been* the rub, says our author. But in the Faust language, "to sing" is *to speak*, and *Gretchen* in her songs is simply bodying forth in words the gradual decadence of the *Meistergesang.* But the beauty of a system is seen always in its applicability to details that are apparently insignificant. It will be recollected that *Gretchen* in frolic hides herself behind the door of a summer-house, where *Faust* afterwards finds her. But now, in the Faust language, all things "wooden" allude to stupidity. So, then: Naïveté takes refuge behind Stupidity, but Understanding recognizes it even in such a hiding-place.

But the *chef d'œuvre* of Louvier's exegesis is to be found in vol. i, p. 165. Readers of Goethe will recall the poodle scene, and the fact that *Mephistopheles*, after his first colloquy with *Faust*, finds himself a prisoner. He explains that he cannot get out of the room on account of the "witch's foot," or pentagram, upon the threshold; which, being imperfectly made and having its outer angle a little open, allowed him to come *in*, though he cannot now get *out.* Hereupon *Faust* congratulates himself upon the lucky accident which has put the devil in his power. After this, *Mephistopheles* causes *Faust* to be lulled to sleep, whereupon he puts oil upon the pentagram and orders one of his minions in the shape of a rat to break the spell by gnawing off the inner point of the pentagram. The hocus-pocus of the scene requires none but historical commentary, and that is sufficiently furnished by any good editor.

But now listen to the Sphinx. This of the witch's foot, we are assured, is one of the most surprising allegories in the whole drama. It must be something more than a mere geometrical figure—probably the learned word "pentagram" should give the needed clue. Now, "pentagram" means "five letters," and since one corner, and that the outer one, of the figure is "a little open," we have evidently to look for a word of six letters of which the last one is wanting. Further, this word, when found, should, if read forwards, indicate something that *lures Egoism in*, and if read backwards, something that *keeps Egoism from getting away.* The needed word is obviously *Gewin(n)*, which read backwards is *Ni(e) weg.* Here, to be sure, a superfluous "e" appears, but the Sphinx disposes of that in this wise: "'That is a lucky accident,' thus does the poet himself excuse this innocent anagram which is not even orthographically correct." The exposition of the Sphinx continues: The inner corner which is gnawed by the rat is the letter "n" (in "Nie weg"); there remains then *-ie weg* and the "oil" means that the pronunciation of this -ie is to be "softened" into *jeh.* But *jeh weg* passes readily (especially in Berlin) for *geh weg.* Thus is the charm broken and the prohibitive "never away" is softened by oil into the permissive "go away."

"Such screech owls there must also be," observes *Faust* to *Gretchen* in endeavoring to persuade her not to think all too harshly of his friend the devil. It might appear as if this philosophy were too simple to be of great practical use—as if it must be too frail a protection against the varied forms of mental inadequacy which we are all continually discovering in our fellow-passengers on the voyage of life. But really there are emergencies to which no other philosophy seems so well adapted. What other resource, to illustrate, is there for him who in these days endeavors, for whatever reason, to keep abreast of what all kinds of people are printing about Goethe's 'Faust'? There are men of the present epoch who hold that the high-water mark of religious civilization was reached when the Romans built their temple to "all the gods." Others look forward to a temple of all Humanity hereafter. The subject is too broad and deep to be treated just here, but we will at least express the hope in passing, that when the disciples of Comte get ready to build the great Pananthropeion of the future, they may not forget to put in a few comfortable niches for cranks. *Es muss auch solche Käuze geben.*

A Trip to England. By Goldwin Smith. Macmillan & Co.

To a vast number of American readers the subject of this little book is one of peculiar interest. Some of them have made the trip, and will be curious to see what Mr. Goldwin Smith may have to say about it; others are looking forward to it with the keen pleasure of anticipation, and will be attracted by the title; while to others the subject is full of deep interest although they have never seen, nor ever expect to see, the land of their ancestors. It is proper to warn those who might buy the book for such reasons that they will in all probability be disappointed. Knowing something of Mr. Goldwin Smith's reputation, they will be prepared to find in it a certain amount of curious doctrine, both social and political—to find him, for instance, abusing "democratic agrarianism," which is about to do away with fox-hunting and to demolish the parks of the aristocracy with its "equalizing plough," and in the next breath hoping that the same plough will destroy all the race-courses! They will not be

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very much surprised to find him making light of the terrible misery of London on the ground that it has been "exaggerated for purposes of literary sensation"; nor to learn that in his opinion the true *bel vivere* is the terribly uninteresting life of an English country town as described by Miss Mitford. But they will at least expect a very superior kind of guide-book, and even in this they will be disappointed. It is, in fact, surprising that so able a writer should have thought it worth while to take up the subject at all unless he intended to do it full justice, and to say that scant justice is done to it is to state the case mildly. The matter of this book first appeared in the shape of letters to the Toronto *Week*.

Tenting at Stony Beach. By Maria Louise Pool. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

THIS is the second volume of summer travel, in the form of the vacation tour, which the author has given us. Two women and a mastiff camp out on the sands, and naturally have some mild adventures with the natives, and make some observations on their fellows of the boarding-out class. The volume is remarkable for the absence of any appreciation of the aspects of nature. It is scarcely credible that an outdoor book should have so little of the outdoor flavor, in these days when nature, as seen in the quiet of summer, is a literary cult. The interest of the author is almost wholly in the characters of the neighborhood. These are all oddities, and most of them are too odd to be entirely believed in. The method of characterization is that of Dickens and Miss Phelps. There is a large element of the farcical in the story, and the touch of pathos when the incorrigibly lazy man is struck by lightning, just as he has saved a child from being caught in her boat in the storm, is of the crudest description; such a mixture of the sentimental and the theatrical could only be condoned on the ground that the incident was a fact. The very candidness of the volume goes to show that its basis is reality, but the omission of the softening touches of nature, and of any noble or essentially humane elements whatever, gives a wrong perspective. It is the sort of realism which represents a New England village by its shanties of the ne'er-do-weels, and then tells us that is the "dreary" life of the country people.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Dr. N. Physical Development; or the Laws Governing the Human System. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Amory, T. C. Siege of Newport: a Poem. Cambridge, Mass.
Barnett, M. J. Justice a Healing Power. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick. 25 cents.
Barrett, F. By Misadventure. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Bonham, J. M. Industrial Liberty. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Bowser, Prof. E. A. Academic Algebra. D. Van Nostrand.
Bowser, Prof. E. A. College Algebra. D. Van Nostrand.
Braddon, Miss M. E. The Fatal Three. Harper & Bros. 30 cents.
Browning, R. The Blot in the 'Scutcheon, &c. (Poetical Works, Vol. IV.) Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Clark, E. G. The Tale of the Shakspere Epitaph. Belford, Clark & Co.
Clay, Bertha M. Lady Hutton's Ward. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Emerton, Prof. E. Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages (375—814). Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Farjeon, B. L. Doctor Glennie's Daughter. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Franklin, Benjamin. His Life written by Himself. Edited for School Use. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Green, Mrs. J. R. Henry II. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Haggard, H. R. Maiwa's Revenge. Longmans, Green & Co. Also, Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Hon. Mrs. Vereker. Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Jones, L. A. Treatise on the Law of Liens. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $13.
Judson, Prof. H. P. Cæsar's Army: a Study of the Military Art of the Romans. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Kluge, Prof. F. Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache. Part V. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner.
Lowell, J. R. Political Essays. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Lowell, J. R. The Independent in Politics. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
McKendrick, Prof. J. G. General Physiology. Macmillan & Co. $4.
Myers, P. V. N. The Eastern Nations and Greece. (Ancient History for Colleges and High Schools.) Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.55.
The Maritime Provinces: a Handbook for Travellers. 6th ed. Boston: Picknor & Co.
The Septameron. Philadelphia: David McKay.
Todhunter, J. The Banshee, and Other Poems. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Tracking the Truth. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Trumbull, G. Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners. Harper & Bros.
Two Lunatics. New York: Theo. Berendsohn. 50 cents.
Ulbach, L. For Fifteen Years: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Vallery-Radot, R. Madame de Sévigné. Paris: Lecène & Oudin; Boston: Schoenhof.

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What can we Give in Place of the Old Faith?—*W. M. Salter.*
Ethics and the Pulpit.—*John H. Clifford.*
News from the Societies for Ethical Culture.
The New York report gives Dr. Coit's Farewell Address on leaving New York to take charge of the Ethical Society in London, for the past 60 years known as the "South Place Free Religious Society."
A full account of the Economic Conferences between Business-Men and Workingmen, recently held in Chicago, is included in the Chicago letter.
The Philadelphia Society gives an account of the addresses on "The Religion of Ethics," "Reasons for Belief in Ethical Culture," and "Courage in Religion," given at its third anniversary.
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